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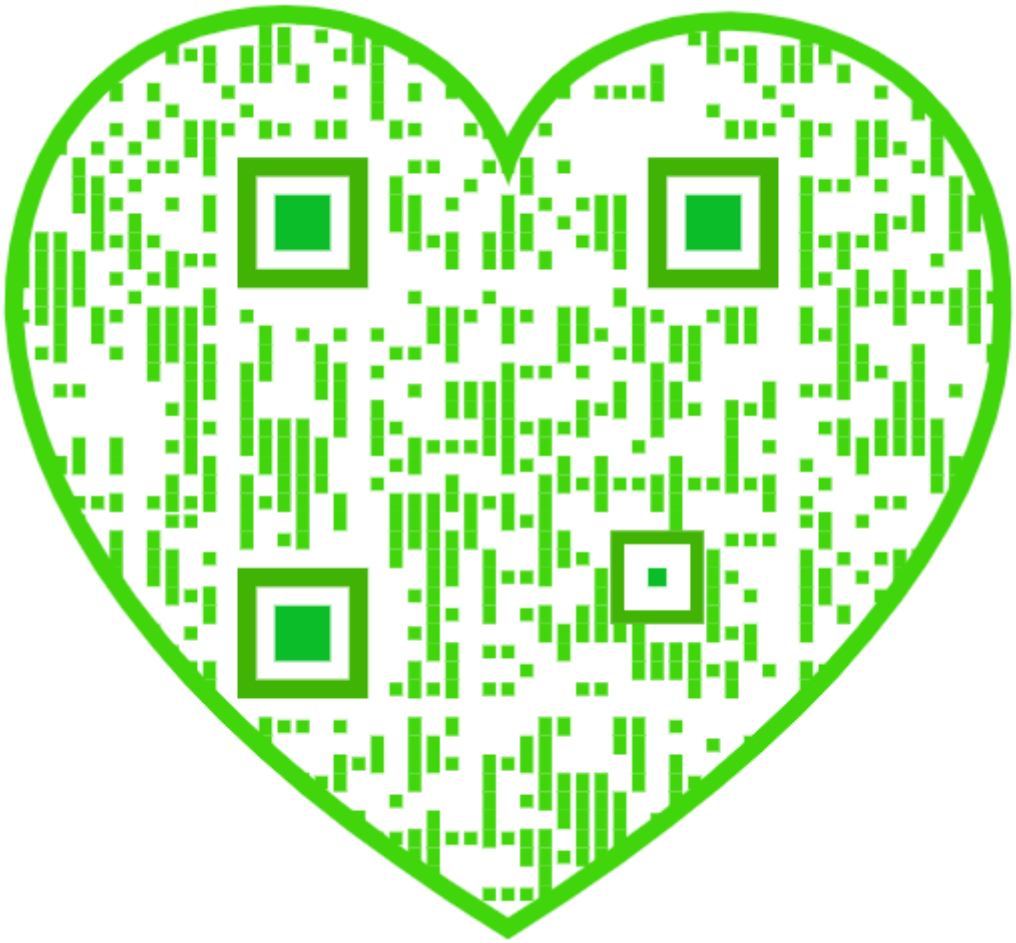
ELEMENTARY MORAL LESSONS



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ELEMENTARY

MORAL LESSONS,

FOR

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY

M. F. COWDERY,
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, SANDUSKY, OHIO.

The Good alone are Great.

SANDUSKY:
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PREFACE.

In the preparation of a series of volumes on Moral Instruction for the use of classes in schools, the following positions are assumed:

First—That an important department of education—that which relates to social duties and moral obligations—is at present, to a large extent, neglected.

Second—That, in conducting the work of moral culture, important principles and precepts need illustration and exemplification by real and supposed instances of conformity to them, or departure from them, as well as, *and as much as*, propositions in mathematics, or the other sciences?

It would be quite an uninteresting, if not a repulsive exercise, for the teacher to assure and *re-assure* his pupils that the "product of the means would always equal the product of the extremes" in a proportion, and then leave them to grope their way through the application of the principle without further illustration or aid from the skill and resources of the teacher, or from the storehouse of human wisdom.

Is it any more rational to teach, or rather, *to tell* a child, that "virtue leads to happiness," or that "sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue," and then leave him to ascertain the *truth* of these propositions by bitter

experience, and perhaps, a life of disappointment, humiliation and sorrow, instead of presenting to his intellect and to his sensibilities, during all the early years of his life, such rich, varied, living exemplifications of specific virtues, as shall lead him to love, and aid him to practice, the same virtues?

Third—Reason and experience unite in demanding that moral culture for the child, the youth or the adult, should receive a portion of time and attention EVERY DAY. It would be quite appropriate, also, to add, that this labor should stand *first* in the order of importance, that the highest skill of the teacher should be expended here, and that parents, school authorities and society, should unite in demanding of every teacher both personal moral worth, and the ability to promote the growth of the moral nature of others, as a pre-requisite to all other qualities and attainments in his profession as a teacher.

Fourth—It is assumed and thoroughly believed, that moral culture, to such an extent as to enlist the sympathies, form the early sentiments, and, in a great degree to control the motives and conduct, is *entirely practicable* in a regular course of Common School instruction. The objections which are supposed to exist to the introduction of this subject to all classes of pupils, have little or no foundation in reality. The difficulty is in the want of proper love for the subject, or the requisite skill, or the necessary prudence, or the *proper aids* in this work, on the part of the teacher. It is claimed that a *text book*, and preparation of lessons, and a regular recitation hour,

are as necessary here as in arithmetic. *Any instruction* given upon important subjects, should be regular and systematic.

The present volume is intended to aid teachers in a *general presentation* of those common virtues and duties which require very early attention. It is also intended as an introduction to a more full discussion and a more close practical application of right principles to motives and conduct, in two subsequent volumes.

It is recommended that, in addition to the regular preparation of each lesson by the pupil, that the narratives should be occasionally read by the class, or, what is often quite as well, that some pupil, or pupils, be selected to give from memory, the principle incidents of each of the narratives introduced. The sympathies thereby awakened, and the general impression made, will often, in this way, be considerably increased.

It will, of course, be presumed, that the thoughtful teacher will present other questions than such as may be found in the book, and, thereby, more completely adapt instruction to the wants and capacities of his or her pupils.

It would be highly gratifying to the author to be able to give proper credits for all the narratives introduced in the present volume, but as they have been selected from a great variety of sources, and from several years of reading and experience, and, in many cases, where the *orignal* source could not be well ascertained, the credits are, for the most, part omitted.

SANDUSKY, OHIO,
November 12, 1855.

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ELEMENTARY MORAL LESSONS.

LESSON I.

DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO TO YOU.

NARRATIVE.

Noble Conduct.—A correspondent of the Blair County (Pa.) *Whig*, furnishes that paper with the particulars of the following interesting incident, of which he was an eye witness. It occurred a few years ago on the line of the great internal improvements of that State. It is one of those scenes of genuine kind-heartedness which fill the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still in our common nature."

At the point this side of the mountain, where occurred the transhipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat, awaiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way through to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-embrowned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few minutes after a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise:

"Sir, we wish to go on east, but our farther progress

to-day depends on you. In the cars we have just left a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain. "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"

To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer: when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping; The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly.

"Oh! sir," said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectations, "are you the captain, and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind! You see, sir, I am dying; but oh! if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor painter, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die!"

"You shall go," replied the captain. "if I loose every passenger for the trip."

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage.

A moment more and that decision was made known, as they beheld him coming from the cars with the sick man cradled in his arms. Pushing directly through the

crowd with his dying burden, he ordered a mattrass to be spread in the choicest part of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in a few hours after another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst there arose a white-haired man, who with tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man that he had taught them a lesson, that they felt humbled before him, and they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up choking the utterance of all present.

On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed" on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If you never do any body any *harm*, do you think you will ever deserve any *blame?*

2. But is it not as much our duty to do some *real good* to others as it is to refrain from doing them evil?

3. If you should see a little child fall into deep water, and be in danger of being drowned, would you be deserving of blame if you did not try to save it?

4. If you were to see a man's house taking fire, would

you be excusable if you did not try to put it out yourself, or notify others of the danger?

5. Then when we see any class of unfortunate persons around us, are we free from all blame if we do not care for them or try to aid them?

6. But instead of *caring* for such, what would you think of the practice of *making sport* of the ignorant, or of the lame or the blind?

7. In the case of any cl· · of unfortunate persons, with how much less tenderness and attention may you treat a stranger or an enemy, than you might treat a brother or a sister in the same circumstances.

8. In the foregoing narrative, do you think the captain acted wisely in deciding that the sick man should go, "if he lost every passenger by the trip?"

9. But possibly the captain himself was a *poor man*, in need of all the money he could make by the trip to pay his necessary expenses, and possibly, too, in debt for the boat he was then running. Under such circumstances, what would you advise a captain to do, if passengers refused to ride with him if he carried a sick man?

10. Suppose the captain, instead of taking the sick man in his arms and placing him in the best part of his own boat, had gone to the cars and given him ten dollars to pay his passage in the *next boat*, and then taken the passengers and made two hundred and fifty dollars by the trip; would you think as well of such a course as the one the captain did pursue?

11. If you had been the captain of the boat, and the

sick man in the cars had been your own brother, would you have felt that you had done your duty if you had handed him twenty dollars to pay his expenses home *on the next boat*, while you were making two hundred dollars in carrying a boat load of passengers who refused to ride in the same boat with him?

12. Perhaps there were some among the passengers who did not have much to say *for* the sick man or *against* him, being ready simply to agree with the majority.—Would such, if there were any, deserve much blame?

13. If fifty persons, some rich and some poor, some old and some young, were standing near, where a person was suffering from cold, or sickness, or hunger or accident, whose duty would it be to help such a sufferer?

13. What "golden rule" of conduct should persons observe, in order to determine *how much* atttention and kindness should be shown to a suffering stranger?

15. May any class of persons, either on account of their superior advantages, or on account of their poverty or misfortune, be excused from the practice of the rule—"do unto others as you would have others do to you?" Are *children* under obligation to practice this rule?

16. Children sometimes meet with those who have had less advantages for instruction, for a pleasant home and kind friends than they themselves have had; what sort of treatment would you think due from such children to those less fortunate?

—

NARRATIVE.

Poor Boy!—We said this on Sunday evening as we came down Broadway. We have said it twenty times

since that, aloud, and five times twenty mentally, we have repeated those two words, "Poor Boy!" They are little words, common words, only seven letters, easily spoken, often spoken, yet they have a great deal of meaning—painful meaning sometimes. They had on Sunday night. They often tell a whole story. They did in the present case. This is it.

Our ear was first attracted by a little hum of voices, voices of boys, singing a march: it was the Rogue's March. What could it be for? We looked and listened. Half a dozen boys with sticks, imitating those children who carry guns—one had tied his handkerchief to imitate a flag—were singing and marching behind another boy. He was about twelve years old and carried a bundle in his hand, tied in a common cotton handkerchief, such as we carried when about the same age. His dress said, just as plain as his language, "I am just from the country." His tormentors, for such they were, were in high glee. Their glee made us sad, and we said, "Poor Boy!" and walked away. We could not go on, and so we went back. The poor boy had stopped to remonstrate with his persecutors.

"What do you want to follow me singing that ar for? I wish you would let me alone. I hain't done nothing to you."

"Ain't that rich, boys? Hurrah for greeny!"

We cried "poor boy!" again, and then we told the boys they should not torment the poor boy, and asked "what they did it for?" "'Cause he has no spunk. Why don't he show fight. He's a greeny." Yes, he was green. That was enough for the city boys, well-dressed boys of parents whom no one would dare to say were not "respectable." Could they say themselves, that it was respectable to let their boys run in the streets on the Sabbath, singing and marching like wild young savages, after a poor

boy from the country, whose oniy fault was that he had not yet learned to be as wicked as themselves—he was green—he would not fight. He did not look like a fighting boy; his face was a mild pleasant one; rather pensive. and he had a soft blue eye. But he was green. He had been green enough to sit down upon a door step to rest his tired limbs, and that was enough to draw a crowd of idle boys around him with their jibes and jeers, and insulting and provoking remarks upon his appearance, his homespun coat, and unfashionably cut garments, and when he replied and told them to go away and let him alone. they set up a shout of derision at his countryfied language. Then he got up and thought he would walk away. and so get clear of them, but he could not shake them off. Poor boy! he had left his country home among the mountains of Northern New York, to seek his fortune in the city, and this was the first fortune he had met with. It was an unkindly welcome. We drew him aside and questioned him why he had come to the city. "I came because I had read so much in the newspapers about the prosperity of the city, and how every body gets great wages and money right down every week; and I thought that was a good place for me, as I was poor, and my mother was poor, and I wanted to try and do something to get a home for her and me too. Now I have got here, I don't know what to do, or where to stay all night. I have been walking all through town till I am dreadful tired, and I have not seen a single tavern sign. Can you tell me where to find one?" We told him where to go to find a plain lodging place, and advised him to turn his face northward in the morning. Go back to the country; poor boy. he is green in the city, and not disposed to fight his way through life, so he must go back to the country. He always will be a poor boy here.

New York Paper.

17. If the city boys, spoken of in the preceeding narrative, had tried anxiously to observe the golden rule with the boy who came from the country, what would they have said and done instead of singing the "Rogue's March" around him?

18. If they had all united in speaking kindly to this country boy, and assisted him in finding a comfortable home for the night, and had further assisted him in looking for employment on the following day; do you think the pleasure would have been "*as rich*" as that of shouting "*hurrah for greeny?*"

19. Which of the two courses of conduct do you think could be longer remembered with the highest satisfaction?

20. Whose conduct do you think deserving the severer censure, that of the men who neglected and insulted the sick man in the cars, or the boys who insulted and tormented the poor boy from the country?

21. Whose conduct do you think deserving the greater credit, that of the captain of the boat, or that of the man who befriended the poor boy in the city.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Suppose that, in passing through your neighbor's gate, you should accidentally break the *latch*, or the hinges, and no one should see you, what ought you to do in such a case?

2. If you had borrowed your neighbor's wheelbarrow.

and, in using it, should break it in a place *which would not be easily seen*, what should you think right to be done?

3. If, in passing through your neighbor's field or garden alone, you should carelessly leave his gate open, and cattle or hogs should come in and destroy his corn, or his garden, what would you think it your duty to do, supposing that no one but yourself knew how the gate happened to be left open?

4. If you should tell your companions that you were *very sure* a certain boy had stolen your silver pencil, and afterwards you should find that it had not been stolen at all, what ought you to do?

5. If you thought any one of your associates was neglected or abused, because he or she was *not quite so well appearing*, every way, as others, how ought you to act?

6. Our brothers, or sisters, or friends, are sometimes helpless and dependent from sickness or accident, and sometimes so for life; what rule of conduct should we always observe towards such relatives or friends?

7. If a younger brother was not in good health, and you knew that fruit would endanger his health or his life, would it be right to give him fruit if he should ask it of you?

2. Suppose your brother should offer to *pay you* very *liberally* if you would let him have fruit, would it be right to sell it to him, if you felt sure that it would injure his health?

9. Instead of being *your brother*, suppose that one of your *associates* was in the same circumstances, would

it be right to give or sell him fruit if you felt certain that it would endanger his health or his life?

10. Instead of being an *associate*, suppose a *stranger* or an *enemy* to be in the same circumstances, what would you think it your duty to do?

11. When you feel at a loss in any manner to know how you ought to treat others, what rule will always aid you to determine?

LESSON II.

REPAY ALL INJURIES WITH KINDNESS.

NARRATIVE.

The Power of Love.—The Colony of Petitbourg, in France, is an establishment for the reformation of juvenile offenders—for instruction of abandoned children (boys) who are found without any parental care, wandering about the streets of Paris. It is supported by voluntary contributions. The boys are taught all sorts of out-door and in-door work, and have regular seasons of recreation. When any one commits a fault requiring grave punishment, the whole of the boys are assembled, as a sort of council to deliberate and decide on the kind of punishment to be inflicted, which consists usually of imprisonment in a dungeon for a number of days, and of course no participation in the recreations of the community.

There are at present about 130 boys in the institution. Now, here is the peculiarity of discipline. After sentence is passed by the boys under the approval of the di-

rector, the question is then put, "Will any of you consent to become the patron of this offender, that is, to take his place now and suffer in his room and stead, while he goes free?" And it rarely happens but that some one is found ready to step forward to consent to ransom the offender, by undergoing his punishment for him—the offender being in that case merely obliged to act as porter in carrying to his substitute in the dungeon his allowance of bread and water, during all the time of his captivity. The effect has been the breaking of the most obdurate hearts of the boys, by seeing another actually enduring, willingly, what they have deserved to suffer.

A remarkable case occurred lately. A boy whose violent temper and bad conduct had procured his expulsion from several schools in Paris, and was in a fair way of becoming an outlaw and terror to all good people, was received into the institution. For a time the novelty of the scene, the society, the occupation, &c., seemed to have subdued his temper; but at length his evil disposition showed itself, through his drawing a knife on a boy with whom he had quarrelled, and stabbing him in the breast. The wound was severe but not mortal; and while the bleeding boy was carried to the hospital, the rest of the inmates were summoned to decide on the fate of the criminal. They agreed at once in a sentence of instant expulsion, without hope of re-admission. The director opposed this, and showed them that such a course would lead this poor desperate boy to the scaffold and the galleys. He bade them think of another punishment. They fixed upon imprisonment for an unlimited period. The usual question was put, but no patron offered himself, and the culprit was marched off to prison.

After some days, the director reminded the boys of the

case, and on a repetition of the call, "Will no one become the patron of this unhappy youth?" a voice was heard, "I will!" The astonished boys looked around and saw coming forward the very youth that had been wounded, and who had just been discharged from the sick ward. He went to the dungeon and took the place of the would-be murderer, (for had this boy's physical strength been equal to his passion, the blow must have been fatal, both boys being only about nine or ten years old,) and it was only after the latter had for some time carried the pittance of food to his generous patron, and seen him still pale and feeble from the effects of his wound, suffering for him deprivation of light, and liberty, and joy, that his stout heart gave up, and he cast himself at the feet of the director, confessing and bewailing, with bitter tears, the wickedness of his heart, and expressing the resolution to lead a different life for the time to come. Such a fact needs no comment.

—

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Have you ever heard of persons, or children who sought to injure those who had injured them?

2. Is there any better course for us to pursue, when others do us an injury, than to do them *just as great* an injury, if we can? What is it?

3. If others do wrong to us, would it be right for us to simply *let such persons alone?*

4. But, in simply *letting them alone*, would this show that we *loved* them?

5. Which would you think the more certain way to

make your enemy become your friend, to do him an injury, or a kindness?

6. How many *injuries* do you think it would be necessary to do to an enemy, to make him your friend?

7. How many *kindnesses* do you think it would require to make your enemy respect and love you?

8. Which do you think would give you the more pleasure, to *conquer yourself*, and *your enemy too*, by doing him kindnesses, or, to conquer *neither yourself nor your enemy*, by doing him injuries?

9. Is it common for us to do good to those who do evil to us? Is it *easy* for us? Is it *possible* for us?

10. In the narrative just given, what particular course of conduct conquered the boy who had stabbed his companion?

11. If the remaining boys, when they saw that their companion had been severely wounded, had all joined and chastised this reckless boy severely, is it probable that they would have made a kind-hearted, honest boy of him?

12. Do you think the boy who was stabbed showed a *truly courageous spirit* in offering to take the place of his companion in prison?

13. Is it probable that the director of the institution and the companions of the boy who was stabbed, would *feel ashamed* of him for offering to take the place of the one who had so deeply injured him?

14. If one of your intimate friends should be *very much*

abused, would you feel ashamed of him, if he should try to conquer his enemy, by pleasant words and kind actions? Would you respect and honor him, if he undertook to conquer him by fighting, or by seeking to do him injuries?

15. Are there any persons so bad that they cannot be conquered by kindness?

16. If conquering by kindness is the most successful method, why do not persons always practice this plan of conquering enemies?

17. In the narrative given, which boy do you think was the happier, the one who conquered by kindness, or the one who was conquered?

NARRATIVE.

A Merchant's Revenge.—Making haste to get rich leads the young man to violate the golden rule, and wounds his conscience. An illustration of this occurred some years since in one of the American cities. A. built a very extensive warehouse on his lot, and after it was completed, B., the next neighbor, discovered that it was a couple or three inches on his lot. A surveyor was sent for, and A. discovered his mistake, and freely offered B. a large sum, if he would permit him to remain. B. knew that he had his wealthy neighbor in his power, therefore he seemed unwilling to sell the narrow gore for twenty times the value of the land. He only waited for a larger bribe to be offered, believing that before A. would pull down his warehouse, he would pay half its value.—But A. finding that B. was determined to be satisfied with

nothing but extortion, began to pull down his noble building. Then he might have settled on his own terms, but he had no offer to make. The last foundation stone was removed. In order to avenge himself, A. ordered his builder to run up the new edifice a couple of inches within his own line, and it was done; and the noble building again was completed. A short time afterwards, B. commenced the erection of his splendid warehouse, directly against his neighbor's, and, of course, two inches over on the lot of A. The trap laid, succeeded as he expected; and after B.'s building was completed, and his friends were congratulating him on his noble warehouse, A. steps up and informs B. that his edifice encroaches on his land. B. laughs at the thought, for amid the rubbish and deep foundation, a couple of inches cannot be detected by the naked eye.

A surveyor was sent for, and conceive the blank astonishment that filled the mind of B. when he found himself at the mercy of one he had so deeply wronged.—Then would have been the time for A. to have shown the sordid B. what a magnanimous heart could do! How much better and nobler, and happier to pass by an insult! It is the glory of the Christian to be able, willing, and rejoice to forgive an enemy. But A. was actuated by simple revenge, and that neighbor could name no sum at which he would even look. He offered him half the cost of the edifice, if he would suffer him to let it stand. No; he must pull it down, and down it came to the very foundation. This neighbor, placing the stone within his own line, and thus setting a snare, was as certainly guilty of falsehood as Ananias and Sapphira, although he had not said a word. For B. to take advantage of the unintentional mistake of his neighbor, and then endeavor to extort

some thousands of dollars from him, was nothing but attempting a wholesale robbery. It is but the same thing in retail robbery, which prompts one to take advantage of the ignorant neighbor, or that neighbor's servant or child.

Mercantile Morals.

18. In the last narrative, what greater victory could merchant A. have obtained over merchant B. than he did?

19. Did merchant A. make merchant B. his warm friend by the course he pursued?

20. Would merchant B. probably have taken another advantage of merchant A. if he had seen a good opportunity?

21. Then, did merchant A. really conquer B.?

22. Did merchant A. *conquer himself?*

23. Whose conduct do you the more admire, that of the poor boy who was stabbed, or that of the rich merchant A. who was first so much wronged by his neighbor, but who wronged him as much in return?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Suppose some one has wronged you very much, and for this you have *three times* done him a kindness, and he remains your enemy still. Ought you to try any more to make him your friend? *How many* times do you think you ought to try?

2. How many times do you think you would try with a brother or sister, or any one that you *loved very much?*

3. Suppose, in going home from school to-night, some boy should seize your hat or cap and, intentionally, throw it into the muddy water or mud, how do you think you would act?

4. Suppose several boys should unite in calling you reproachful names for the purpose of irritating you? How do you think you would act?

5. Do you think of any *kindnesses* that could be practiced upon such boys, that would make them ashamed and sorry for their conduct?

6. If you were to assist any, or each of them, the next day in their work or their sports, or to give them some fruit, or were to invite them to visit you, and should be *very careful* to show them all the *little attentions* in your power, do you think they would long abuse you?

7. If you should, by trying every means you could think of, at last succeed in conquering such boys by your kindnesses, which do you think would be most benefitted, *yourself* or the *boys?*

8. Would it be right to do an enemy a kindness, simply for the purpose of gaining a triumph, and with no real desire of conferring a benefit upon him?

9. If those who are unfriendly or unkind to us are unfortunate in any manner, would it be right to rejoice at their misfortunes?

10. In case those who are unfriendly to us seem to have

no power, whatever, to injure us, may we feel quite indifferent whether we gain their friendship or not by showing them attention and kindness?

LESSON III.

A LITTLE WRONG DONE TO ANOTHER IS A GREAT WRONG DONE TO OURSELVES.

NARRATIVE.

"Deep Wounds."—When I was about twelve years of age—I remember it as though it were but yesterday—I one day got very angry with an older brother. I was angry, too, "without a cause." He had been the best of brothers to me; but on this occasion he had refused to gratify my strong desire to have for my own a little book which I had seen him reading. I flew into a violent passion. I called him very bad names; and, although I can scarcely believe it, and only recollect it with grief and shame, I tore his clothes and tried to bite his arms.

In a few weeks, and before my proud spirit was humble enough to ask his forgiveness, that brother left home never again to return. He went far away among strangers to sicken and die. I never saw him again. Oh! how often have I wished that I might have been permitted to stand by that brother's death-bed and ask pardon for my foolish passion. Useless wish! Unavailing regret!—Even now, at this distance of time, whenever I recall the memory of that brother, and think of his kindness and love, the cup of pleasure is embittered by the dregs of

remorse which the remembrance of that angry hour throws upon it. Alas! the pangs of remorse gnawing my own spirit even now are far sharper than the teeth with which I would gladly have lacerated my brother's flesh. When I see that brother in my dreams, he wears that same look of astonishment and rebuke with which he then looked upon me.

"A wounded spirit who can bear!" O! if children and youth who speak angry words to their parents, and call their brothers hard names, only knew what a fearful burden of "wounded spirits" they are storing up, to press with mountain weight upon them in riper years, they never would suffer an unkind or disrespectful word to pass their lips.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If a poor boy were to steal ten cents from a rich merchant's drawer, which would be the greater sufferer, the boy or the merchant?

2. In what respect would the merchant be the sufferer? In what respect would the boy be the sufferer? Whose suffering would last the longest?

3. If, in anger, you should strike one of your companions a blow that should cause pain for two hours, but should produce no further inconvenience, which would be the greater sufferer, yourself or your companion?

4. In what manner would your companion be the sufferer in such a case? In what manner would you be the sufferer? How long would the recollection of the blow cause you pain?

5. In the narrative just given, did the boy who was angry, do any severe bodily injury to his brother?

6. Why did he feel so badly for so long a time?

7. If the younger brother had *received* the ill treatment from his elder brother, instead of *giving* it, before the elder brother left home for the last time, do you think he would have experienced so much sorrow and anguish during the remainder of his life?

8. Which of the two brothers was probably the greater sufferer during the remainder of their lives for this one wrong act of the younger brother?

9. But, suppose the younger brother had really been penitent and received forgiveness from the elder brother, before he finally left home, would he have been able, at any time, after, to think of his anger with pleasure?

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.

Sir Walter Scott related the following incident of his own life to an intimate friend:

There was a boy in his class at school, who always stood at the top, nor could the utmost efforts of young Scott displace him. At length he observed, when a question was asked this boy, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat; and the removal of this was, therefore, determined. The plot was executed, and succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it could not be found. In his distress he looked down for it, but it was not to be seen. He stood confounded, and Scott took possession of his

place, which he never recovered. The wrong thus done, was, however, attended, as it always must be, with pain. "Often," said Scott, "in after life, the sight of him smote me." Heartily did he wish that this unkind act had never been done.

Let it constantly be remembered, that we are not left to act as we please;—the rule is of the highest authority: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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10. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, just related, which probably was the greater sufferer, the boy who lost his position at the head of his class, or Sir Walter who gained it?

11. Why did the sight of the boy, ever in after life, give Sir Walter Scott so much pain?

12. *How long* will one wrong act cause us pain and sorrow?

13. If we have sought and obtained forgiveness for our unkind acts, and also made all the restitution in our power to those we have wronged, shall we any longer feel the consequences of our wrong deeds?

NARRATIVE.

Nails in the Post.—There was once a farmer who had a son named John, a boy very apt to be thoughtless, and careless as to doing what he was told to do.

One day his father said to him, "John you are so careless and forgetful, that every time you do wrong, I shall drive a nail into this post, to remind you how often you

are naughty; and every time you do right I will draw one out." His father did as he said he would, and every day he had one, and sometimes a great many nails to drive in, but very seldom one to draw out.

At last John saw that the post was quite covered with nails, and he began to be ashamed of having so many faults; so he resolved to be a better boy, and the next day he was so good and industrious that several nails came out; the day after it was the same thing, and so on for a long time, till at length it came to the last nail. His father then called him and said, "Look, John, here is the very last nail, and now I'm going to draw this; are you not glad?"

John looked at the post, and then, instead of expressing his joy, as his father expected, he burst into tears. "Why," said the father, "what's the matter? I should think you would be delighted; the nails are all gone." "Yes," sobbed John, "the *nails* are gone, but the *scars* are there yet."

So it is, dear children, with your faults and bad habits; you may overcome them, you may by degrees cure them, but the scars remain. Now take my advice, and whenever you find yourself doing a wrong thing, or getting into a bad habit, stop at once; for every time you give up to it, you drive another nail, and that will leave a *scar* on your soul, even if the nail should be afterwards drawn out.

15. In the narrative just given, why did the "scars" in the post give John so much trouble?

16. If the post had been taken away and burned up, would John then have been as happy as though he had never done wrong?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If a person should tell falsehoods and afterwards acknowledge them and be forgiven, would his reputation stand as well among those who knew him as though he had *always* told the truth?

2. Would a person who has told one falsehood be *more* or *less* likely to tell another?

3. When we have done wrong once, is it *more*, or *less* easy for us to do wrong again?

4. If we have acted uprightly at any time, will it be *more*, or *less* easy for us to do right again?

5. In what manner do persons ever become hardened in cruelty and crime?

6. In what manner do some persons become so bold and strong in virtuous deeds?

7. If doing wrong, little by little, will finally ruin a man, is there any danger that by repeated wrong-doing we shall almost entirely lose our power to do right?

8. Can anybody who feels guilty, at the same time feel really happy?

9. What then is the worst calamity that can happen to anybody? (To DO WRONG INTENTIONALLY.)

10. What punishment do you consider harder to bear than a guilty conscience?

11. What pleasure is sweeter than the consciousness of doing right?

LESSON IV.

THE NOBLEST COURAGE IS THE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

NARRATIVE.

The Brave Boy.—I was sitting by a window in the second story of one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O yes, that's capital! so we will! Come on now! there's William Hale! Come on, William, we're going to have a ride on the Circular Railway. Come with us?"

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"O, O! so you must run and ask your *ma*. Great baby, run along to your ma! Ain't you ashamed! I didn't ask my mother."—"Nor I," "Nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice, "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward as long as you live;—don't you see we're all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word *coward* was rankling in his breast. "Will he prove himself indeed one by yielding to them?" thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for

his answer; for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But, no.

"I *will not go* without I ask my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "I am no coward, either. I promised her I would not go from the house without permission, and I *should* be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

I saw him in the evening amid the gathering multitude in the parlor. He was walking by his mother's side, a stately matron, clad in widow's weeds. Her gentle and polished manners, and the rich full tones of her sweet voice betrayed a Southern birth. It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be proud of such a son, one who could dare to do right, when all were tempting to the wrong. I shall probably never see the brave boy again; but my heart breathed a prayer that that spirit, now so strong in its integrity, might never be sullied by worldliness and sin; never in coming years, be tempted by the multitude to evil. Then will he indeed be a joy to the widow's heart—a pride and an ornament to his native land. Our country needs such stout, brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwind of temptation gathers thick and strong around them; she needs men, who from infancy upward, have scorned to be false and recreant to duty.

Would you, young friend, be a brave man, and a blessing to your country, be truthful, never tell a lie, or deceive in any manner; and then, if God spares your life, you will be a stout-hearted man, a strong and fearless champion of the truth.

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1. When a soldier goes boldly to battle to meet dan-

ger and death, what sort of courage does he exhibit? (Bodily, or physical courage.)

2. When a person dares *to do right* when others threaten, oppose, or ridicule him, what sort of courage does he show? (Moral courage.)

3. Dogs will sometimes engage in a fight with dogs much larger than themselves. What sort of courage do such dogs manifest? (Brute courage or physical courage.)

4. A boy was once called a coward and otherwise insulted, because he refused to join his companions in stealing plums, for the reason that he thought it *wrong to steal.* Did he show cowardice, or courage in refusing to steal? If courage, of what kind?

5. Which do you think the nobler quality, moral or physical courage?

6. Is there ever any *true courage*, indeed, in doing what we know to be wrong?

7. But if a person insults or injures you, does it not look *spirited*, *courageous* and *manlike* in you to *resent* the insult or injury?

8. Is it certain that such spirit is the *right* spirit, and such courage *true* courage?

9. In the narrative last given, what sort of courage does the boy exhibit who refused to break his promise and disobey his mother?

10. Is it probable that the boys who called William Hale a *coward*, would be likely ever to defend the truth, or defend innocent persons if it was *unpopular* to do so?

11. Is it probable that boys who would persuade you to do what they well knew to be wrong, would have enough of *any kind* of courage to face any sort of danger to save the lives of others?

12. Suppose, in a company of boys, that one should propose to go and steal some fruit to eat, and that another of the boys, believing it to be *very wrong* to steal, should oppose the project because the *distance* was so great, or the *night* so *dark*, or the *fences* so *high*, would this show moral courage? Why not?

13. Suppose another boy, knowing that it was very wrong to steal, should give as a reason for not going, that the owner of the fruit was a *very kind man*, would this show moral courage? Why not?

14. What reason ought this, and every other boy of the company to assign, at once, for not going?

NARRATIVE.

Taking the Right Ground.—One Saturday noon, when school was dismissed, a number of us stopped a little while, to devise ways and means of passing the afternoon most pleasantly. I was then, I think, about nine years of age. We could not fix upon any plan; so we separated, agreeing to meet, after dinner, at E—— H——'s, and take up the subject again.

I received permission to spend the afternoon with E——, or to go where the boys went, provided they "kept out of mischief." I found the boys, some five or six in number, assembled there when I arrived. One of them was earnestly urging them to go to the I—— or-

chard, for apples. There was a tree, he said, of excellent apples, at a great distance from the house, and so near to the woods that we could get as many as we wanted, without being seen.

I saw at once that I could not be one of the party, for I was not brought up to steal apples or any thing else. As I did not wish to be left alone, I was very desirous that the plan should not be adopted. I accordingly brought forward several objections—the distance of the orchard from us, the probability that we should not succeed, the shame that would follow detection in the attempt, and the fact that none of our parents would be willing to have us go upon such an expedition.

My objections were plausibly answered by the proposer of the plan, and I began to fear that I should be left in a minority, when R—— A—— joined us. When he had learned the state of the case, he said the expedition was not to be thought of, AS IT WAS WRONG. It would displease God. Disguise it as we would, it was stealing, and God's law said, "Thou shalt not steal." His remark settled the question. The plan was given up. We concluded to go and play in a large, new-mown meadow.

I have related this incident to show how important it is to take the right ground in opposing that which is wrong. R—— took the right ground. He planted himself on the everlasting rule of right. I have observed that when young persons are asked to do what their consciences will not approve, they often assign various reasons for declining, instead of boldly stating the true and chief reason, namely, *that it is wrong*. Never be afraid or ashamed to avow your adherance to the rule of right. If a thing is not right, say you will not do it, *because it is not right*, and do not think it needful to add any other reason.

15. In the last narrative, how many of the boys manifested *true courage* respecting the proposition to steal apples?

16. Is it probable that the boys loved and respected R—— A—— any the less, for telling them all, boldly and promptly, and decidedly, that it WAS WRONG to steal fruit?

17. What is *the first question* to be asked, when we are invited to join others in any amusement or undertaking, or set about any plans of our own? (IS IT RIGHT?)

18. But suppose we have decided to do what we think right *ourselves*, would you think it necessary for us, at any time, to *say to others* what we think is right?

19. Suppose R—— A—— in the narrative given, had decided in his own mind that it was wrong to steal fruit, and then *silently walked away* without making known his convictions to his companions, would that course have answered just as well?

20. Can any one possess true courage, while he is ashamed or afraid to speak and act just as he thinks is right?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Which do you consider the more difficult duty, to do right when all of our friends unite in *ridiculing us*, for our opinions, or when they unite in opposition and violence on the same account?

2. In case one of your neighbors should discover a thief taking money or valuable articles from your father's house, what would you consider to be the duty of that neighbor?

3. In case you were to see a person set fire to your neighbor's dwelling, what would be your duty?

4. If you knew that several persons were banded together for the purpose of secretly placing obstructions upon the rail road track, what would be your duty?

5. But suppose you were threatened with violence, if you revealed these secret purposes of mischief; what ought you to do?

6. Suppose your best friend becomes involved in a difficulty at school, in which you know your friend is very much to blame; if you are called upon by parents or proper persons to state the facts in the case, what must you do?

7. Which would be better in such a case, to lose your friend by exposing his faults, or, to conceal them, and prevent justice from being done to all the parties?

8. In case all of your associates threaten you with their displeasure, or even with violence, if you reveal their secret plans of mischief; what ought you to do?

9. If you knew that your companions were trying, either by ridicule, threatening or violence, to prevent one of your associates from exposing their plans of mischief, would you have any duty to do in the matter?

10. If at any time, in any manner, you see another

trying to do right while others try, in any manner, to prevent him from doing so, what will be your duty?

11. Why should any one ever be ashamed or afraid to do what is right?

12. Why should any one, at any time, be ashamed or afraid to do what is wrong?

LESSON V.

BE SLOW TO PROMISE, BUT SURE TO PERFORM.

NARRATIVE.

Anecdote of the Hungarian War.—During an engagement between an Hungarian and an Austrian troop of light infantry, a Honved stabbed an Austrian officer with a bayonet, and mortally wounded him. Natural generosity prompted the Hungarian Honved to extend his aid to the dying foe. The officer said to him with great exertion: "I see you are a brave and a good-natured fellow; I will ask a favor of you. In my pocket-book you will find a package containing documents, without which my family will be ruined—reduced to beggary. Promise to send this package to my family in Prague, in Bohemia." "I will carry it to them myself," answered the Honved. "Swear it to me," said the Austrian.—"Sir, I am a Hungarian; I give you my word," responded the Honved. In a few minutes afterwards the wound-

ed man died in the arms of his generous foe, who, after covering the body with his own mantle, and putting his sword in his hands, crossing them, took the papers and joined his troop.

The conflict ended, and the Honved repaired to his captain and requested a furlough, which was denied.—This did not discourage our hero; he went to see the colonel of his regiment, but met with the same result. Finally he went to the commanding General, Kalapka, but even he did not grant his request. In the night following he left the camp, and in the course of a few days he traveled four hundred miles, and delivered the papers safely into the hands of the deeply afflicted widow of the deceased Austrian, residing at Prague.

Soon after our hero, the Honved, rejoined his corps, and reported himself to his captain, who had him arrested as a deserter. A future court martial condemned him to be shot. The brave man calmly resigned himself to his fate, which came not to him unexpectedly. He prepared himself for death, and when the fated muskets were aimed at his breast, he exclaimed—"I pledged my honor and my word, and I was bound to keep them. *Elgen a haza!*" (Hurrah for my native land)—and sank dead, pierced by many musket balls.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If you had promised to carry some medicine to a sick friend at a certain hour, and when the time arrived, the weather should be very stormy, what would be your duty?

2. If you had promised a stranger or an enemy that you would deliver a letter at the Post Office at a partic-

ular hour, and should afterwards find that by doing so, you would lose the opportunity to go on a delightful pleasure excursion; what ought you to do?

3. If you had promised that you would not engage in certain amusements, and you should afterwards learn that some of your best friends would be offended if you did not, what would be your duty?

4. If you should promise to call on a friend at nine o'clock in the morning, would you fulfill your promise if you called at five minutes past nine?

5. If you had promised to work at hard labor for one year for one hundred dollars, and you should afterwards learn that you could get one hundred and fifty in an employment that suited you much better, what would be your duty?

6. What would you consider a good excuse for breaking a promise, at any time?

7. Would the Hungarian soldier, spoken of in the last narrative, have probably broken his promise on account of stormy weather, or for the sake of a pleasure excursion, or for fear of offending friends, or for the desire of making money?

8. Did the Hungarian soldier value his promise more highly than he ought to value it?—More highly than every person should value a promise?

9. Children sometimes promise to refrain from eating fruit at certain times, or to return from a visit at a certain hour, and in the midst of their enjoyments *forget* to keep their promises. Do such persons deserve any blame?

NARRATIVE.

The Broken Pledge.—A gentleman in Virginia, says Mr. Gough, had a boy six or seven years old, who wanted to sign the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; all in the family had done so, but the father thought him too young, and would not let him. After much entreaty, permission was given. Soon after, the father went on a journey. At one stopping-place away from the town, he called for some water. It did not come, so he called again; still he could not get it; but cider was brought, and being very thirsty, he so far forgot himself as to drink that. When he got home, he related the circumstance. After he had finished, the little boy came up to his knee with his eyes full of tears, and said, "Father, how far was you from James river when you drank the cider?" "Rather more than fifteen miles, my boy." "Well," said the little fellow, "I'd have walked there and back again, rather than have broken my pledge." Oh, God bless the children. We have thousands such as these—children who understand the principle, and keep the practice. I sometimes wish the adults kept the pledge as well as the boys do.

10. Which would you think the more binding, a promise made in words, or a promise made in writing?

11. Do you think the boy spoken of in the last narrative, was *too particular* about keeping his pledge?

12. Would the Hungarian soldier have probably forgotten his promise when a little thirsty, as this boy's father did?

13. Which would you think the more binding, a promise made to young children or to grown persons?

NARRATIVE.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.—Though a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor, an every-day wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any SAUCE, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market man. "No, sir, my father," was the prompt answer.—The doctor said, "bring me in some squashes," and passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few minutes the child returned, bringing back part of the change; the doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him.—Such singular manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the child attentively; he was evidently poor, his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trowsers darned with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding him at arm's length, and examining his face.—At length he said,

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs wanting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to

any one else.—"Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes, (but no squash himself, as we shall see;) he was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a home-spun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying,

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you and be a doctor," said the child with the utmost NAIVETTE.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he avowed he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you was a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say"

"She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me." "And," said he, "I have a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the kerchief, and displaying them, with two little shirts as white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened, to see the fearless, the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had

bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the Divine Savior had said, "Blessed be little children;" and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy UPON ALL YOUNG CHILDREN."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife, "and what then?"

"And the Savior said 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in his name, receiveth me;' take this child in his name, and take care of him;" and from this hour this good couple received him to their hearts and homes. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age—a protector to their daughters, a more than son to themselves; all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.

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14. If Dr. Byron had invited a young man twenty years of age, to come and live with him and study medicine, what would have been the doctor's duty in case the young man had come to his house with his trunks and books, in accordance with the invitation?

15. But suppose the doctor should have no expectation whatever that the young man would ever come, though

he had given him a fair invitation to do so; if he should really come, what would be the doctor's duty?

16. When Dr. Byron invited the little boy to come and live with him, did he really expect he would ever come? Did the boy suppose he was in earnest?

17. When the boy came with his little bundle, what do you think was the doctor's duty?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If we are thoroughly resolved to keep sacredly every promise we make, shall we be likely to make many, or few promises?

2. If we succeed in keeping, strictly, every promise we make, who thereby receives the greater benefit, ourselves, or those to whom the promises are made?

3. What advantage is it to *us* to keep all the promises we make?

4. If we scrupulously keep all of our promises, what advantages will there be to others?

5. When we have made promises and find that we cannot fulfil them exactly as we expected, what ought we to do?

6. If, on account of your negligence in keeping your promise, your friend should lose five dollars, what would be your duty?

7. Can all of the losses, occasioned by the failure of persons to keep their promises, be made good with money?

8. Which is better for us always to do, to disappoint our friends by refusing to promise, or disappoint them by failing to fulfil our promise?

LESSON VI.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

NARRATIVE.

Honoring Parents.—As a stranger went into the churchyard of a pretty village he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, while a little girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass watching with thoughtful looks the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little William and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir; but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them, at length the eldest replied as the tears started to his eyes:

"Oh, we love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days! Ever remember their parental kindness! Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carry on their plans of usefulness! Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves! How will a remembrance of kind, affectionate conduct towards those departed friends then help to sooth your grief and heal your wounded heart.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Which would you think the more certain way of honoring parents, to obey all their commands and always respect their wishes while they are living, or, to plant flowers upon their graves when they are dead?

2. Our parents sometimes think it is their duty to deny us favors, when we cannot see any reason why they do so. What is the duty of children under such circumstances?

3. Which would you think afforded the stronger evidence of affection for parents, to be very generous in making them little presents, or, to be very cheerful and affectionate when denied any favor?

4. If you were to ask your parents for permission to go on a pleasure excursion, and they should reply, "that you might go if you felt very anxious to do so, but they would prefer that you would not go;" what should you do?

5. Children are sometimes ashamed of their parents because their dress is not fashionable, or their manners not as refined as they would like. Which have the greater reason to be ashamed, the children of such parents, or, the parents of such children?

6. Children who have been successful in life, are sometimes very much ashamed to have their poor, aged parents visit them. Why is this so?

NARRATIVE.

Archbishop Tillotson.—There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they

are poor, or in a low situation of life. We will, therefore, give an example of the contrary, as displayed by the Dean of Canterbury, afterwards Archbishop Tillotson. His father, who was a plain Yorkshireman, perhaps something like those we now call "Friends," approached the house where his son resided, and inquired whether "John Tillotson was at home." The servant, indignant at what he thought his insolence, drove him from the door; but the dean, who was within, hearing the voice of his father, instead of embracing the opportunity afforded him, of going out and bringing in his father in a more private manner, came running out, exclaiming in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father;" and, falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing. Obedience and love to our parents is a very distinct and important command of God, upon which he has promised his blessing, and his promises never fail.

7. Did the servants probably respect Archbishop Tillotson *more*, or *less* highly for the respect and honor he manifested to his aged father?

8. Children sometimes deny themselves enjoyments that they may be better able to promote the happiness of their parents, and sometimes parents do the same to promote the happiness of their children. Which do you think is the more common?

9. Children sometimes feel willing to sacrifice their lives for their parents, and sometimes parents do the same for their children. Which do you think is the more common?

NARRATIVE.

A Daughter's Love.—During the sanguinary period

of the French revolution, when crimes and horrors were continually perpetrated, the sacred affections of kindred and of friendship were often powerfully excited.

One such instance occurred amid the terrific massacres of an age unparalleled in atrocity; when crowds of unfortunate persons were condemned unheard, and loaded cannon were ordered to play upon them. Yet not only in France and its dependencies—among the incidents of unflinching heroism and filial love, which La Vendee continually exhibited—but in the far-off West, in one of those unfortunate islands where the massacres of the Reign of Terror were enacted on a less extended theatre.

An honest Creole, whose only crime consisted in possessing the inheritance of his ancestors, was denounced as inimical to the Republic, and sentenced to die with a crowd of his fellow-countrymen. But, happily for this virtuous colonist, he was the father of a little girl, eminently endowed with courage, energy, and affection; and, when the moment of separation from his family arrived, this courageous child resolved to follow and share his sufferings, however terrible to her tender age. In vain did the father entreat his little Annette to remain at home, and the mother, with streaming eyes, seek to retain her child by force. Entreaties and commands were equally unavailing, and, rushing from the door, she continued to follow at a little distance, the rough men who urged her unhappy father to the place of execution. Small time sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of the condemned; his eyes were blinded, and his hands tied together, while the executioners made ready those murderous engines, which were soon to open a heavy fire of grape shot upon the crowds who awaited their death in silence.

But suddenly a little girl sprang forward, and her voice,

tremulous with emotion, uttered the piercing cry of—"Oh, my father! my father!" The lookers on endeavored to snatch her from destruction, and those who were alike condemned to death, menaced the poor child, in order to drive her from among them. Annette bounded with light step toward her father, as she had been wont to do in happier days, when awaiting his welcome voice, and throwing her little arms round his neck, she waited to perish with the author of her days.

"Oh, my child, my dearest child, the cherished and only hope of thy wretched mother, now on the eve of widowhood!" exclaimed her trembling and weeping father, "I command, I conjure thee to go away."

"No, papa, we will die together."

This unexpected incident disconcerted the director of the massacre. Perhaps he was himself a father, and the thought of his own children might arise within him.—Certain it is, that his ferocious heart was softened; he ordered the Creole away, and demanded that he should be taken to prison, with his child. Amid the rage of civil discord, and the alternate ascendancy of contending factions, a brief respite was not unfrequently productive of the happiest consequences. Such was the case in the present instance. The face of affairs became changed; the father was restored to his family, and ceased not to speak with the tenderest emotion of his little daughter, then only ten years of age.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If you were directed by your parents to perform a certain piece of work, and you should do the work as di-

rected, but very *sullenly*, instead of *cheerfully*, would this be *obedience?*

2. If you were intentionally twice as long as necessary in doing any service that your parents had asked of you, because you did not wish to do the service, would that be *obedience?*

3. Suppose you know it is contrary to the wishes of your parents to have you engage in certain sports or amusements, and that, if you were to ask them, they would refuse you; but you have never asked them.—Would it be disobedience to engage in them?

4. If you know that any favor you desire is contrary to the wishes of your parents, do you do right to ask it?

5. After you have once been denied a favor, do you think it right to ask a second time?

6. Suppose you have permission to visit *two hours* with some of your playmates, would it be disobedience to stay two hours *and a half?*—two *and a quarter?*

7. Children sometimes urge their companions to *stay longer* to visit with them, than their parents have given them permission to stay. Is it right to do this?

8. Is it right for us ever to ask others to do, what we know is not right, either for them or for us to do?

LESSON VII.

THINK THE TRUTH—SPEAK THE TRUTH—ACT THE TRUTH.

NARRATIVE.

The Dishonest Newsboy.—As I was walking near the "Battery," in New York, a few days ago, on my way to the steamboat Metropolis, a lusty, ragged, and dirty newsboy came down Broadway with a bundle of newspapers under his arms, loudly shouting,

"New York Evening 'Erald! arrival of the Pacific! all about the war! New York 'Erald, last edition!"

"Here my lad," said I, as he approached me, "let me have a copy of your paper, I want to see the steamer's news."

The boy thrust a copy of the paper into my hand, and seemed so excited with desire to continue his walk and his cry, he could scarcely wait to take his money. As I had no pennies about me, and as I saw not a little of the rogue in his wicked looking eyes, I held a five cent piece between my fingers and asked,

"How much do you want for your paper, my lad?"

"Sixpence!" said he with an impudent look.

"Sixpence!" I replied, "why, boy, I fear you are roguish. The price of your paper is only two cents; why do you ask six?"

"Well, I'll take three cents," he replied, without pausing to explain the reason why his first demand was so high.

"Give me two cents, then," said I, "but I fear you are a bad lad."

"No, give me your money first," he answered.

Upon this, I offered him his paper, and was about to pass on. This brought him to his senses, and he took out his pennies, gave me the change, turned upon his heel, and ran off shouting,

"New York 'Erald! last edition! all about the war! Evening edition."

I now opened my paper, for I felt very desirous to glance at the news from Europe. I looked first at one column and then at another. But I searched in vain. I could not find one word about the steamer or her news. What could it mean? Aha! the boy had cheated me.—He had sold me the *morning* edition of the paper, which I had read nine hours before, and which had been printed before the Pacific had been telegraphed.

"Well," said I to myself, "that boy has cheated me for the sake of three cents. He had those morning papers left, and came running down this street with a lie in his mouth, that he might push them off among the passengers by the evening steamers, who, being in haste to get on board, would purchase papers without pausing to look at them until they got out into the river."

I have no doubt the young rogue thought this a very clever trick. He looked as if he had already sinned away his conscience, and I dare say he felt but very little of that pain which follows a wrong act in a healthy mind. Poor, miserable boy! I pity him and can but indulge the fear that in a few years he will be the inmate of a State prison. That successful lie will lead him to bolder sins, and finally to ruin.

I hope my young readers feel as I do towards him. If

that keen eyed boy, now reading these lines, is more pleased at the newsboy's trick than he is pained at his deceit, it is a sign that his mind is more inclined to evil than to good. A right minded youth shrinks with disgust from a dishonorable act, however smartly it may be done; while the wicked can find fun in the skill of wickedness.

That poor newsboy not only sinned against God and himself in telling me that lie, but he also injured the *honest* newsboys of New York. His act made me suspect that New York newsboys are bad as a class. It makes you think so. I shall be on my guard against every newsboy I meet, when I go to New York again, and so will you after reading this story.

Now this suspicion may be unjust toward some of those boys. There may be some choice boys in the class he represented, and my suspicion of them may be unjust.—Yet I can't help feeling it. My duty to avoid being imposed on, even in a trifle, will cause me to deal with them as with boys who will cheat me if they can. The boy who cheated me has thus done all his fellow newsboys a great wrong. He has exposed them all to be regarded with suspicion.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Is it right to tell what we know is not true?

2. Are there any other ways of telling a falsehood, except by words?

3. Could deaf and dumb persons who talk with their fingers, *tell a lie* with their fingers?

4. If I had lost my pencil and you had found it, and I should inquire if you had seen it, and you should *shake your head*, would that be telling a lie?

5. Suppose I had lost my knife and pencil, and you should find them both, and I should inquire for them, and you should say that you had found my *knife*, but should say nothing about the pencil, would this be *right?*— Would it be as bad as telling a lie?

6. Suppose you had whispered or played in school, and I should ask all to *arise*, who had whispered or played, and you should remain in your seat, would that be equal to telling a falsehood?

7. Suppose you were playing, and the teacher should turn to look at you, and you should suddenly stop, and pretend you had all the time been still, would this be the same as telling your teacher a falsehood?

8. Would it be right to tell a falsehood to save yourself or another from being punished?

9. If you were very *hungry*, or *thirsty*, would it be right to tell *a lie* to get *food* or *drink?*

10. Would it be right to tell a falsehood to gain a thousand dollars?

11. How much did the boy make by telling a lie to sell his newspaper?

12. Which do you think would be the greater criminal, the dishonest boy who would tell a lie to save three cents, or the dishonest man who would tell a lie to save a thousand dollars?

13. But perhaps this poor newsboy had paid for a large number of the morning edition of his paper, which he would have to lose if he did not sell immediately. If he

was *very poor*, and perhaps hungry and cold, would it be right to sell his old papers to save himself from loss?

14. But if he had offered his papers for sale in the evening, without saying whether it was the morning, or evening edition, while all who would purchase would suppose it was the evening paper, would that have been right?

15. If this boy had been very poor, and very ragged, and very cold, and very hungry, what would you have advised him to do with his old papers?

16. Under what circumstances are children and others most likely to tell what is not true?

NARRATIVE.

Acting Lies.—"Jane, go into the store-room closet, and fetch me the large blue jar," said a mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was going to school, and ran to the closet, where the first thing she saw was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought, but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one; so instead of asking, she slipped the biggest she saw into her pocket, and covered her pocket over with her shawl, lest her mother should see it. Jane then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple, which proved to be a hard winter apple, unfit to be eaten.

By and by Jane's class in History was called up to recite, and Jane was quite particular about getting her seat behind the stove, rather out of the way of the teacher's eye. Jane had her History in her hand, with her pencil

between the pages of the lesson, and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book, but when the teacher glanced that way, she looked up as innocently as could be.

School was dismissed a little earlier than usual, and Helen Brewster went home with her to get a book which Jane promised to lend her; but she did not want to let her mother know that school was done, lest her mother might want her to play with baby, or to help her in some way. So she opened the door very softly, and crept up stairs on tiptoe. A call from the sitting-room, "Jane, is that you?" It was her mother's voice, but Jane made believe she did not hear. She crept down, and out again, and did not get back for some time. "I thought I heard you come in some time ago," said her mother; "I wish it had been you, for I have needed you very much. Willie has been very sick." Jane said nothing, and how she felt you can perhaps imagine.

We have followed Jane through a part of the day, and seen her just as she was, not as she *seemed* to be to her mother and teacher; and what do you think of her?—There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see themselves in her. Jane, you see, was not a *truthful* child. "But she did not *tell* any lie," some one will say. No, but she *acted* lies, and you see in how many things she deceived in half a day's time. "Little things," perhaps you will say. But it is little things which show what we really are, and which make up the character. There is no habit more dangerous than the habit of deceiving in little things, because so easily fallen into. Let every child who reads this examine her conduct, and see if she is in danger of sliding into it. All deceit is displeasing to God.

17. In the preceding narrative, how many times was Jane really guilty of falsehood?

18. When she heard her mother call her, and yet remained silent, did she intend her mother should understand that she was not in the room?

19. Which is the more criminal, to tell a lie *in words*, or, to tell a lie by *keeping silent?*

20. May persons tell what is strictly true, and yet not tell the truth?

NARRATIVE.

Getting over it Finely.—"Why, Alfred, how could you tell mother that wrong story?" said Lucy Somers to her brother. "You know you did eat one of the apples that was in the fruit dish, yet you told mother you did not."

"Now, Lucy, I did'nt tell any lie about it at all. You know mother asked me if I took one of the apples from the dish, and I said No. And that was true; for the apple rolled off from the top of the dish, when I hit the table, and I picked it up from the floor. Mother didn't ask me if I ate one, but if I took one from the dish. *So you see I got along finely with it*, and told nothing but the truth."

Yes, but the boy knew that he *meant to deceive* his mother, and that made it a falsehood. I don't think he will get along so finely with his own conscience, or with Him who searches and tries the heart. God knows *what we mean*, as well as *what we say*.

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21. The boy, in the last narrative, was quite confident

he had told nothing but the truth. What do you perceive in his conduct that was wrong?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. For what purpose does any one ever tell a falsehood?

2. Can you think of any cases where falsehoods have been told where there was not some guilt to be concealed?

3. When we have neglected some duty, or have been involved in some difficulty, shall we be likely to blame ourselves?

4. In giving an account of our neglect of duty, or of our difficulties with others, if we mention all the faults of others, and omit to mention all of our own, of what wrong would we be guilty?

5. Will telling a lie be the *only* wrong of which we should be guilty in such a case?

6. Which do you think the greater wrong, to do injustice, intentionally, to others, or to tell what you know is not true?

7. Have you ever heard or read of persons who would sooner suffer death than tell a lie?

LESSON VIII.

DO GOOD TO ALL, AS YOU HAVE OPPORTUNITY.

NARRATIVE.

Money well Expended.—Capt. S. C. S., of Portland, was one day passing through one of the streets in Boston, when he saw a poor sailor lying on the side-walk, with his feet in the gutter, in such a position as to endanger his limbs, if not his life. Capt. S. pulled him out of the gutter, aroused him, and by degrees got his history. He was from a good family who resided in the eastern part of Maine, had been well educated, and exhibited now the wreck of a brilliant intellect and amiable disposition.—He had been sick, he said, had staid his time out in the Charlestown Hospital, and had that morning been discharged without a cent, and in so feeble a state as to disqualify him to go to sea again at present. "Then why don't you go home?" said Capt. S. "I cannot pay my passage; I have no money," answered the desponding sailor. "Have you found anybody that would give you any breakfast?" said the Captain. "No," was the reply, "but I found a man who gave me something to drink, and, as I was very weak and very hungry, the liquor overcame me; but I am not very much intoxicated, as I seem to be; I have my senses perfectly well."—"How much will take you home," inquired the Captain. "There is," said the tar, "a vessel lying at the wharf, which will take me within two miles of my home for one

dollar, and I would go if I only had the money." "Now, shipmate," continued Capt. S., "give us your hand.—Look me straight in the eye. Now promise me, upon the honor of a sailor, that you will never drink any more of the poison stuff, and I'll give you some breakfast and pay your passage home." The sailor clasped his emaciated fingers around the rough hand of the Captain, and pronounced the pledge. Captain S. handed him a bill, and saw him safe in the nearest public house, and went his way.

Some three years after, as Capt. S. was passing along Exchange street, in Portland, some one behind him called out—"Cap'n; I say Cap'n: Hallo, Cap'n." Captain S. turned round, and a well dressed stranger grasped him by the hand, and inquired if he knew him. He confessed he did not recollect ever to have seen him before. The stranger, after several ineffectual attempts to refresh his memory, finally brought to his recollection the scene narrated above, and confessed that he was the sailor to whom he had thus acted the part of the Samaritan, and insisted on restoring four-fold for the money which had been bestowed on that occasion. All remuneration was refused, and the young man was exhorted to go and do likewise. "I will with all my heart," said he, as the tears gathered to his eyes, "but I owe *you* a debt that I can never discharge. I have never broken my pledge, and by the help of God I never will. I went home after you left me, and by the entreaty of my friends, I commenced trading, and am now here to purchase goods. I have been prospered in business, and have lately been united to the woman of my choice. You have saved my soul and body; for I have lately been made acquainted with the blessed Savior of sinners. O, if my poor old father could get hold of your hand, he would almost

wring it from your body for gratitude." The generous heart of the Captain was melted, for he loved the Savior too. The flood-gates of his soul were opened, and they wept together like two children, shook hands again, and exchanged a hearty "God bless you," and parted.

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1. Are opportunities for doing good common, or rare?

2. In what manner may persons do good to others?

3. What do you consider would be the best possible deed that one person could do for another?

4. Which would you think the better method of doing good to others, to perform the acts of kindness yourself, or give money to others to enable them to perform the same acts of kindness?

5. Do children ever have opportunities for doing good in any manner?

6. Do persons, who are very poor, and very needy, and very ignorant themselves, ever have any opportunities for doing good?

7. What class of persons in the world are entirely prevented from doing good to others in any manner?

8. Who have the best opportunities for doing good?

9. Have you ever heard or read of persons who seemed to devote their whole lives to the work of making others happy? What men have you known or read of?—What women?

ers to as many enjoyments as we possibly can, or help ourselves to every gratification within our power?

10. Which affords the higher satisfaction, to help others to as many enjoyments as we possibly can, or help ourselves to every gratification within our power?

11. Which probably afforded the purer enjoyment to Capt. S., in the narrative, the pleasure of earning a dollar, or that of giving to the poor, friendless sailor the same amount?

12. Did Captain S. do the sailor good in any other way than by giving him a dollar? In what way?

13. Which do you think did the sailor the more good, the dollar and the breakfast, or the kind words of encouragement and the earnest invitation of the captain to make the temperance pledge?

14. We cannot always help others as we would like to do, without making some sacrifices ourselves. What is to be done in such a case?

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NARRATIVE.

Truth stranger than Fiction.—A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and concealment, while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner—their mother was weeping and tearing her hair —and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied

that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent. "You see me driven into despair," said the father, "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys, whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs.—How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city; they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing!"

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father, had been able to capture such a strong young fellow—but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The Minister examined into the affair, and, finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the

young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

15. Which do you think affords us the purer pleasure, to do kind acts to others when it costs little or no sacrifice, or when it costs us great self-denial to render others assistance?

16. If the galley slave, spoken of in the last narrative, had given this poor man fifty francs of his own earnings, would it have given him as great satisfaction as aiding him by surrendering his own personal liberty?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. In what manner may persons help others, who have neither money nor property to give?

2. If you were to speak kind words of encouragement to the sorrowful and the unfortunate, in what way might you benefit them?

3. If you should possess the courage to do right, when all around you were inclined, strongly, to do wrong, in what way might you benefit others?

4. If you were known, in any case, to repay a severe injury, with a kind act, in what way might you benefit others?

5. If, before your brothers and sisters, and associates, you should always honor and obey your parents, in what way might you be doing good to others?

6. Why may we not neglect any opportunities to do good?

7. If we practice aiding the unfortunate, and helping others all we can, will our love for doing good grow stronger, or weaker?

8. Which would you think the *better man*, the one that does the *greatest amount* of good to others, or the one that *loves the better* to do good? Which of the two would you think the *happier* man?

9. When we have lived out all of our days, which will afford us the greater satisfaction, to think that we have secured for *ourselves* all the comforts and enjoyments of this world, or secured as many as possible of these for others?

LESSON IX.

SPEAK EVIL OF NO ONE.

NARRATIVE.

The Lost Brooch.—The following incident will help to show how very careful we ought to be not to judge from appearances alone, but to grant to others the same charitable consideration we would enjoy ourselves.

In summer, our country home is often visited by our city friends, and we enjoy their brief sojourn with us.—Some time since, a dear friend of my mother came to pass several months. She brought her only child, a lovely boy, just old enough to run alone, and to fill the house with his childish glee. His nurse was a good-natured Irish woman. She was rather noisy and officious; the house and garden she ransacked at pleasure; and in the farm-house she made herself particularly free. But she was kind and faithful to her little charge, and for that reason much valued by the child's mother.

Soon, our farmer's daughter, Mrs. M——, came home to make her annual visit, bringing her little boy, about the age of our little visitor. Master Eddie liked a play fellow, and Bridget's visit to the farm-house became still more frequent.

One day Mrs. M—— came with an anxious face to my mother to ask if she thought Bridget perfectly honest. We were startled at the question, for we had never doubted her honesty, and knew that her mistress trusted her implicitly. Mrs. M—— said that she had lost a brooch, and she was *sure* Bridget had taken it; indeed so indignant and excited was she, that I think nothing but her regard for my mother prevented her accusing Bridget of the theft.

She had been out walking, and when she returned, took out her brooch and laid it on the table. Bridget soon came in with Eddie, and stayed some time; after she left, Mrs M—— wanted her brooch, *and it was gone!*—They searched everywhere; the table was moved, the drawers emptied, the carpet swept, even the rag-bag was turned inside out, and its contents carefully examined, because she remembered to have put some pieces in it while Bridget was there. But the brooch was not to be

found; it could not have gone without hands, and nobody was there but Bridget. We were all very much troubled, but my mother concluded it was not best to say anything to her friend about it; she was away from home, and could not, without a great deal of vexation, get another nurse. Besides, though appearances were much against Bridget, we still hoped the brooch would be found.

Time passed on, and Mrs. M—— left for her western home, firmly believing that Bridget had her brooch.—Our pleasant friend with her darling boy left us, and Bridget, quite unsuspicious of our hard thoughts, bade us good-bye cheerfully, glad to return to her city companions. We settled into our quiet winter habits, with our books and work.

One cold day the farmer came home for a pair of woollen socks. His wife told him they were in a bag in the closet. There were two bags hanging there; one was a rag-bag, the other contained his socks. He hastily put his hand into the bag, and pulled out, not a pair of socks, but a handful of pieces, with the long-lost brooch! Mrs. M—— had put her rags into the wrong bag, and the brooch with them.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. When our friends or strangers *seem* to treat us with neglect or disrespect, is it always certain that they *intend* to do so?

2. If persons seem to do wrong, or omit to do what we think is right, is it always certain that their motives are bad?

3. Will it be safe for us to speak harshly of the acts

of others, while we do not *positively* know their motives?

4. In the narrative just given, was the family to blame for suspecting that the servant girl had stolen the brooch?

5. Would it have been right, under all the circumstances, for any one of them to have charged Bridget with stealing the brooch?

6. As Bridget had never been known to steal before, would it have been right for any one of the family to have mentioned to some *intimate neighbor*, that Bridget would steal?

7. If the family had united in publicly charging Bridget with stealing, under the circumstances stated in the narrative, and had afterwards learned that she was not in any manner guilty, what would then have been the duty of the family?

8. Would it have been possible for the family, or is it possible for any one, to counteract all the consequences of wrong acts?

9. If the servant girl had really stolen the brooch and confessed it, what would have been the duty of the family, in case she seemed really penitent?

10. Would it probably help to *reform* any one who had once been guilty of stealing, to be publicly exposed?

NARRATIVE.

Kindness the Best Punishment.—A Quaker, of exemplary character, was disturbed at night by footsteps

around his dwelling, and he arose from his bed, and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoiter. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another within the cellar. The old man approached, and the man outside fled. He stepped to the cellar window, and received the pieces of pork from the thief within, who after a little while asked the supposed accomplice in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes, take it all;" and the thief industriously handed up the remainder through the window and then came up himself. Imagine the consternation, when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker. Both were astonished; for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, whom none would have suspected of such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged the old man not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised never to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat," said the old man, "It would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the old man said, "Take the pork, neighbor."

"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want your pork."

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal; One half of this pork thou must take with thee."

The thief insisted that he could never eat a morsel of it. The thought of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was inexorable, and furnished the thief with a bag and half of the pork put therein, and laying it on his back, sent him home with it. He met his neighbor daily,

for many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret; and though in after time the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably the first, it was certainly the last attempt of his to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result! His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirit broken. Revenge, not penitence, would have swayed his heart, the scorn of the world would have darkened his future, and in all probability he would have entered upon a course of crime at which, when the first offence was committed his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the pork have gained? Absolutely nothing! Kindness was the best punishment, for it saved while it punished.

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11. What course would most persons have pursued, if they had detected a neighbor in the act of stealing, as the Quaker did?

12. Would the Quaker have been any better, or any richer, or any happier man, if he had publicly exposed the conduct of this neighbor?

13. What would probably have been the effect upon the man and his family, if the Quaker had spoken of this matter to a few *intimate friends?*

14. When we *positively know* that others have faults, what is always the better course for us to pursue?

15. Have you ever known cases where those who have

spoken harshly and unkindly of the conduct or motives of others, have, at the same time, abused their best friends?

NARRATIVE.

Good for Evil.—An old man, of the name of Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France: he amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and the severest habits of abstinence and privation.—His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. In his will were found the following words:—"Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored, the whole of my life, to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for that purpose."

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16. Suppose the old man of Marseilles, spoken of in the last narrative, had really been a miser, would that have been a sufficient excuse for any body to *abuse* him? —to *speak* unkindly of him?

17. Does it increase or diminish our enjoyments, to receive favors from those we know we have deeply wronged?

18. Which was probably the greater sufferer for the

abuse of the old man of Marseilles, the old man himself, or the people he benefitted?

19. In the narrative of the Quaker and his neighbor, in what manner was the Quaker benefitted by not exposing the crime of his neighbor?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. When persons speak ill of others, do those who thus speak derive any benefit? Do those who listen derive any benefit? Do the slandered persons derive any benefit? *Who does* derive any benefit?

2. Is the person who slanders another, himself injured in any way? How?

3. Are persons who listen to slanders, the sufferers in any way? In what way?

4. Are slandered persons the sufferers in any way?—In what way?

5. When your associates begin to speak unkindly of others, in your presence, what would you consider to be your duty?

6. But suppose you know they are telling only the truth, would it be well to listen to them?—to remind them of their duty to the absent?

7. Will those who know our faults best, and feel most anxious to aid us in correcting them, be *more*, or *less* likely to speak of them to others?

8. Some persons speak of the faults of their best friends, to one or two other *particular friends*, and charge them *never to tell anybody else.* What would you think of this habit?

9. Which do you think are generally the greater sufferers, the slandered persons, or the slanderers?

10. What is the *best possible course* for everybody to pursue, respecting the faults of others? (Never to make them a subject of conversation, except from a clear sense of duty.)

11. Will it be *easy* to always practice the above rule? Is it *possible* for us to do so?

12. But if persons *will* speak unkindly of you, how can you escape injury from their slanders? (Live so that nobody will believe them.)

LESSON X.

CAREFULLY LISTEN TO CONSCIENCE, AND ALWAYS OBEY ITS COMMANDS.

NARRATIVE.

The Gold Sovereign. — "When I was only eight years old," said Judge N——, "my father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen children better than myself to take care of, I was given to a farmer in the

town of F——, who designed making a ploughboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

"Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service: for although he was an honest deacon, and a tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

"So I had plenty of work to do and an abundant lack of indulgence to enjoy. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession by any sort of good fortune—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that at the age of eleven I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favorite few.

"Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years before I knew the color of any coin except vile copper. By an accident I learned the color of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store on an errand; and, on returning home, just about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road-side.

"I picked it up to examine its contents, without the slightest suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly supposed that I was the victim of an April fool, although it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however: and discerning nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny; I felt of it, I squeezed it in my fingers, I spelled out the inscrip-

tions: then something whispered me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value, and that, if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes I had to take it out and look at it. But, whenever I met somebody, I carefully put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner to the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with the gold in my pocket. I would not have the deacon's folks know what I had found, for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure. This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night, and projects for securing my treasure by a safe investment, the other half. On the following morning, I was feverish and nervous. When Deacon Webb, at the breakfast table, said:

"William!"

"I started and trembled, thinking the next words would be:

"Where is that piece of gold you have found and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?"

"I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow."

"I felt immensely relieved. I left the house, and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty.—

Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign. Would I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself:

"Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it; that's all. I would not steal gold: and if the owner should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologized thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house: but, after all, it wouldn't do. The gold was, like a heavy stone to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking I was not half so well pleased with my immense riches as I had been with a rusty copper, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune no secret: and I had been as happy as a king—or as a king is supposed to be.

"Mr. Baldwin was not at home: and I returned to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Wardly's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardly was a constable: and I knew he had come to take me to jail: so I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The deacon looked angry at me.

"Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me of finding the gold.

"But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly,—

His severe words sounded sweet, I had expected something so much more terrible.

"I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder Deacon Webb did not suspect something, I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there; for, much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserable. I wished a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the road-side; again I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it. I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

"At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

"It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not mine. I got home and went trembling to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

"'I suppose you have heard about my misfortune,' said Mr. Baldwin.

"'Your misfortune!'

"'Yes.'

"'Why, what has happened to you?' asked the deacon.

"'I thought everybody had heard of it,' replied Baldwin. 'You see, the other night when Mr. Woodly paid me, he gave me a gold piece.'

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my my trouble was not observed.

"'A sovereign,' said Baldwin, "the first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that if I should put it in my pocket, like a cent, or half dollar, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin in taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up.'

"I felt like sinking through the floor.

"'I don't know,' replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly, 'He's welcome to it, whoever he is; and I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though Heaven knows I want my honest earnings.'

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said:

"'Is *this* yours, Mr. Baldwin?'

"My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment, and the deacon demanded when and where I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I ex-

pected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his wont:

"'Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, if you did come near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son, and, if you do not grow rich, you will be happy with a clear conscience.'

"But I cried still—for joy. I laughed, too, the deacon had so touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money, for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff for a time, and I did. I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the deacon's favorite after this. He was very kind to me, and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candor and good faith; and that has made me what I am.—When he died, he willed me five hundred dollars, with which I came here and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereign."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What faculty tells us when we do right and when we do wrong?

2. A boy was once in a garden alone, among some plum trees. He had not taken any of the fruit; he was only *thinking he would*, yet every time he heard the least noise like footsteps, or the rustling of leaves, *he began to tremble*. Can any one tell *what made him tremble?*

3. Not long since, some boys at play near a school building, when they saw a man walking quietly towards them, suddenly started and scampered away in all directions. What do you suppose caused them to run so?

4. If our appetite should demand some fruit, would it be right for us to deny our appetite for a time if we should prefer to do so?

5. If our love company should prompt us to visit with others, would it be right to deny ourselves this pleasure, for a time, if we should prefer to do so?

6. If we feel a very strong anxiety to attend to a particular study, or read an interesting book, may we refrain from doing so, if we prefer to do so?

7. If CONSCIENCE should forbid us to eat or to visit, or to study, may we disobey it if we please?

8. What made the boy, who found the gold coin, feel so much uneasiness while he kept the money concealed in his pocket?

9. When he saw the constable's horse, what made him fear the constable was near for the purpose of arresting him?

10. What made the boy *feel so cowardly* when he went home at dark?

11. What makes *anybody* feel cowardly at any time?

12. Why did not the boy *keep the money*, instead of giving it to be Mr. Baldwin, as no one knew that he had found it?

13. What made the boy *feel so happy* when he had given the sovereign to the real owner?

14. What affords to anybody, the purest, sweetest pleasure they ever enjoy?

15. Why was not the boy willing to accept of half of the money, when it was offered to him?

16. What is harder to endure than the pains of a guilty conscience?

NARRATIVE.

An Honest Act.—A rare instance of the upbraidings of conscience occurred a few days since, which deserves a passing notice. A farmer residing a few miles from this place, calling on one of our oldest established merchants, stated that on a certain day, more than 11 years ago, he had passed on him a counterfeit $10 bill, describing the note. The merchant, who had always been in the habit of preserving a small book kept for the purpose, all counterfeits, as well as the date of their reception, on referring to it, found the bill, as well as the date at which he had received it, corresponding with the farmer's words. The latter, on taking hold of the bill, tore it into fragments, with apparent satisfaction, and desired the merchant to calculate the interest, which having been done, he paid the whole amount in good money.—He had received the note, the farmer stated, at the time, for a genuine one, but did not know of whom, and just starting in the world, could not afford to lose so much; and, besides this, his wife argued that he had as good a right to pass it off as the person who had imposed it upon him. Ever since the day on which he had passed it, his conscience had goaded him; but *now* it would be at ease, and he went off as contented as if he had received a capital prize.

15. Why did the farmer remember for eleven years that he had passed this counterfeit bill, while the merchant had forgotten it?

16. Why did the farmer feel so "contented," after he had torn up the counterfeit bill, and paid good money and interest for it?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. When our conscience approves our conduct, how will misfortune affect us?

2. If, while busily engaged at work, you should accidentally, but not carelessly, seriously injure your brother, or sister, or friend, would conscience cause you uneasiness and pain?

3. But if, in anger, you should injure another, though it should be known to no one but yourself, could you always feel calm and satisfied with your conduct?

4. If your friends and acquaintances should strongly suspect you of stealing, when you well knew you were not guilty, how would you feel?

5. Will conscience *always* admonish us when we are about to do wrong?

6. If one should continue to disregard the warnings of conscience, as in the habit of profane swearing, what do you think the effect would be?

7. But if we succeed in silencing conscience now, or

for a little time, will it *ever* become aroused, and cause us sorrow and remorse?

8. Can we *forget* what we have ever done, when we please to do so?

9. How long will conscience give us pain for the wrongs we do?

10. How long will conscience give us pleasure for obeying its commands?

11. When we find ourselves doing, or about to do, what we are afraid to have others see and know, what course ought we at once to take?

12. If we were required to suffer the loss of everything we hold dear in this world, or disobey conscience, which would it be better for us to do?

13. Have you ever heard or read of persons who have suffered a cruel death rather than disobey conscience?

LESSON XI.

WE MUST FORGIVE ALL INJURIES, AS WE HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN.

NARRATIVE.

Forgiveness of Injury by a Sailor.—Charles Johnson, a fine looking young sailor, was brought in this morning to answer for kicking out the right eye of Joseph

Martin, another sailor. He pleaded that he would not contend. On the 22d of May, Martin was lying drunk in Hanover street, and Johnson, he also being under the influence of liquor, upon seeing a brother thus hard up, crossed over to arouse him and get him up. Martin resented his benevolent interference, and applied to him a very coarse and irritating epithet. Being in liquor himself at the time, Johnson was not in a condition to overlook a galling insult from the lips of any man, either drunk or sober, and gave Martin a furious kick, which accidentally took effect in his eye, and destroyed the sight of it. Martin was called upon the stand, to state what he knew of the circumstances, and what were his wishes in relation to the disposition of the case. He said, in reply to questions put by Judge L. S. Cushing—"I do not know how we came together, I only recollect what took place after. I had not known Johnson before, and he didn't know me. So he could have had no grudge against me. His kicking me in the eye must have been an accident. I could almost swear it was an accident.—He could not have intended to do so. It is impossible that he could mean to have done it; I know he didn't. He has done all he can for me since. He has given me all he can with his means. He has given me twenty-five dollars, but I don't care for that, and if he hadn't got it to give, I shouldn't think any different about it. He has done all he could for me. I should be sorry if he was punished, for I must have been to blame in the first place. If I hadn't spoke to him as I did, he wouldn't have kicked me." While poor Martin was uttering these words of true forgiveness, he was unable to hold his head up on account of the weakness of his remaining eye, which was sympathetically affected, and as yet unable to stand even the mild light of the court room. Surely

such a man may venture to approach the Heavenly Father with the prayer—"Forgive my trespasses, even as I have forgiven him who has trespassed against me."—The Judge was deeply impressed with Martin's manner, and was satisfied that he desired Johnson should not be severely punished; and, in consideration of Martin's wish, and that Johnson had already been five weeks in jail, he sentenced him to ten days' imprisonment, and to pay the costs of prosecution. C. A. Andrews appeared for the defendant, but, as the Judge remarked, "Martin had said, and well said, about all that could, with propriety, be advanced in favor of Johnson."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. When we are conscious we have wronged others in any manner, what is our first duty?

2. But suppose others have injured us very much, while our wrong to them has been very trifling, what is to be done?

3. If others have injured us, and are still disposed to injure us, and do not ask or desire us to forgive them, yet, if we are conscious of having injured these same persons in any manner, what will be our duty?

4. But suppose we regard those we have wronged as very much our inferiors, and as persons who can never, in any way, injure us in return, what shall we do?

5. If we believe that those we have wronged will never speak of the injuries we have done them, to ourselves, or to any one else, what shall we do?

6. Is it *degrading* to any person to ask forgiveness of those he has intentionally injured?

7. Do you think *more*, or *less* highly of your companions when they frankly say they have injured you, and they are sorry for it?

8. Some persons are very forward to ask forgiveness when they fear they have done wrong, and some are *very reluctant* to do so. Which class do you respect the more highly?

9. What must be thought of a person who is unwilling to ask forgiveness for any of the injuries he has done to others?

10. Some persons are *very prompt*, and very willing, to forgive injuries. Was the the sailor, Charles Martin, in the last narrative, prompt, or reluctant?

11. Perhaps some persons would have thought it more honorable in Charles Martin, if he had kicked out the right eye of Johnson. Which do you think the more honorable course?

NARRATIVE.

MANLY TO RESENT; GODLIKE TO FORGIVE.—A gentleman went to Sir Eardley Wilmot, at one time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and having stated to the Judge an injury he had received, asked him if he did not think it manly to resent it. "Yes," said Sir Eardley, "it would be *manly* to resent it, but it would be *Godlike* to forgive it!" This reply completely altered the feelings of the applicant.

12. Which is the *first feeling* with most people, to *resent* injuries, or to *forgive* them?

NARRATIVE.

Washington's Acknowledgment.—In 1755, Washington, then a young man twenty-two years of age, was stationed with his regiment at Alexandria. At this time an election for public officers took place, and the contest between the candidates became exciting and severe. A dispute took place between Mr. Payne and Washington, in which the latter (an occurrence very uncommon with him) became warm, and said something which gave Mr. Payne so much offence that he knocked Washington down; instead of flying into a passion, and sending him a challenge to fight a duel, as was expected, Washington, upon mature reflection, finding he had been the aggressor, resolved to ask pardon of Mr. Payne on the morrow. Accordingly he met Mr. Payne the next day, and extended his hand in a friendly manner: "Mr. Payne," said he, "to err is nature; to rectify error is glory. I find I was wrong yesterday, but I wish to be right to-day. You had some satisfaction yesterday, and if you think that was sufficient here is my hand, let us be friends." It is hardly necessary to state that ever afterwards they were so.

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13. Would persons, who think it *honorable* to fight, be likely to approve of Gen. Washington's course, as given in the foregoing narrative?

14. Do you think it was creditable to so great a man as Gen. Washington, to ask forgiveness, as he did, after he had received an injury himself?

NARRATIVE.

"I WILL NOT RISE TILL YOU FORGIVE ME."—King James II. one day lost some important papers relating to a marriage that he was trying to bring about between one of his sons and a princess of Spain. He continued to hunt for these papers, until at last he got into a great rage because he could not find them. He went from room to room, looking here and there, but without success; the papers were not to be found.

At last he met an old Scotch servant by the name of Gib, who had been a long time in his service, and he charged him with having lost his papers. The old servant told the king respectfully, that he knew nothing of them, and certainly had not lost them. But the king grew very angry, and said, "Gib, I remember I gave them to you to take care of. What have you done with them?"—Gib fell down on his knees and declared that he did not receive them. This only made the king the more angry, as his word was contradicted by the servant, and he kicked him as he kneeled on the floor at his feet. Gib rose from his knees and left the apartment, saying, "I have always been faithful to your majesty, and have not deserved such treatment as this. I cannot remain in your service under such a degredation. I shall never see you again. He immediately left the place with the intention of returning no more.

Not long after the old Scotchman left, the person to whose care the king had actually committed the papers, came in and presented them to him. The king was ashamed of his conduct towards Gib, and forthwith sent some one in pursuit of him; but it was some time before he could be found and induced to return to the presence of one who had treated him so badly. At last he con-

sented, and when he came into his room, the king, in his turn, got down upon his knees before the servant Gib, and said *he would not rise until he forgave him*. The servant tried to evade the matter, and asked the king to rise, but he would not until the servant told him, in so many words, that he fully forgave him.

Some may think this was weak in *a king*, but there is something noble and praiseworthy in it. It is an example worthy of imitation. If you injure *any one*, no matter how poor or humble, have the magnanimity to confess it, and ask pardon for the injury done.

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15. Is it an indication of GREATNESS, or *meanness* in any one, to ask forgiveness of those who are much inferior in station or attainments?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Are there any persons in the world who never need forgiveness from others?

2. Suppose after a person has wronged you once, and you have forgiven him, that he wrongs you again, and asks to be forgiven, what must you do?

3. How many times must you forgive those who do you an injury, if, for each wrong, they are sorry, and ask to be forgiven?

4. If others do you an injury, and do not ask or wish to be forgiven, what are you to do?

5. If we have forgiven those who have treated us unkindly, how ought we to act towards them afterwards?

6. If we had wronged others and been forgiven, how should we wish them to treat us?

7. May we ever receive injuries so great, that we may refuse to forgive them?

8. Have you ever read or heard of any persons who were unwilling to forgive those who had injured them?

LESSON XII.

LEARN TO HELP ONE ANOTHER.

NARRATIVE.

The Disobliging Boy.—Some folks who are very disobliging, are not aware of it. Now there is Sam Hobbs, as pleasant a fellow as any in the school. He was a good scholar, diligent and studious, and always ready to join a friend on an excursion of pleasure. He was not naturally disobliging, but acquired the bad habit in this way. I've heard a boy many a time say, "lend me your knife, Sam, will you?" "I can't, for I haven't any, and besides I want to use it myself," he would reply; or if they said, "let me *see* your knife, Sam, will you?" he would take it out and show it to them, and then say, "There, you've seen it," and then back he would put it in his pocket. He always refused in such

a pleasant way, that they were rarely if ever offended, and it was a long time before they discovered how often he disobliged them.

One day when he was absent from school, the boys had a public meeting, and agreed unanimously that we would convince him how disobliging he was, and in such a way that he could have no excuse for being angry.—The next day when he came, one of the first things he said was, "Where is the lesson to-day?" "I can't, for I haven't any, besides, I want to use it myself," was the reply. He asked another, who holding the book up at such a distance that he could not read it, said, "there, you've *seen* it." Every question he asked, was answered with one of his old answers. At length he began to grow angry; but when he got to his seat, and thought of it, he was surprised to think how often he had disobliged his friends; the fact was, he had never thought of it before; but now his eyes were opened, and he felt really sorry that he had disobliged persons so much, and he determined not to be angry with his schoolmates, let them disoblige *him*, as they would. He tried not to ask them any question; but he constantly forgot it, and received as an answer to all his enquiries, "I cant, for I haven't any; besides, I want to use it myself."

He came to school in the afternoon in great tribulation; he was at the head of his class in Arithmetic, and felt very anxious to remain there; but in his lesson of this day, there was a sum that he could not understand. In vain he applied to one after another to explain it, but all the answer he got was, "I can't, for I haven't any; and besides, I want to use it myself." There was one scholar who came late; to him he applied, and to his great surprise and joy, his friend did the sum: but oh, provoking! just as he reached his hand out for the slate, it was with-

drawn, and the old words, "there, you've seen it," was the answer. He could bear it no longer; but burst into tears. His schoolmates really liked him, and when they saw how badly he felt, they were very sorry that they had carried the joke so far. After school they all came and shook hands with him, and told him why they did it. He acknowledged that he had done wrong, and after that, he seldom refused to oblige a person, when it was proper; if he did, we had but to say—"I can't, for I haven't any; besides, I want to use it myself," and he would instantly oblige us.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Have you ever observed any difference in persons, respecting their willingness to render assistance to others?

2. Does any one need *to learn* to be kind and attentive to the welfare of others, or may one be so without thought, and without effort, and without practice?

3. Did the boy in the narrative need *to learn* to be obliging to his associates, or was he able to be always kind, by simply *resolving* to be so?

4. In what manner can persons become so willing and anxious to make all happy around them, that they will deny themselves almost every comfort to accomplish this object?

5. If we constantly study how we may help others, may we find many, or few opportunities to do so?

6. Some persons are so selfish that they seem never once to think of the comforts of others. Is it probable that such persons admire selfishness in others?

7. Very selfish persons are sometimes sick, or otherwise unfortunate, and need kind attentions from somebody. Is it our duty to show such persons the same attentions we would show to others?

8. Some persons are very obliging to *particular friends* thinking they may receive in return, at some time, as many favors as they bestow. Do such persons deserve any credit for generosity?

9. If we help every one we can, willingly, and with no wish nor expectation of favors in return, in what way shall we still benefit ourselves?.

NARRATIVE.

Help one another.—A traveler who was passing over the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate into his bones. Still the traveler, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were quite benumbed—a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him—his feet almost refused to move; and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep, which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked up again in this world. Just at that moment he saw another poor traveler coming up along the road; the unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself. For he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveler, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He

roused himself up, and he crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his fellow sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words in his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive; his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward.—But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travelers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

Soon the snow- storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards others, and your soul almost perishing, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.

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10. In the foregoing narrative, in how many ways was the traveler, who restored his companion to activity and life, benefitted?

11. Suppose he had commenced rubbing his companion, with the single desire of *warming and benefitting himself*, in what manner would the traveler then have been benefitted?

12. When we would help our friends, or strangers, or the unfortunate, what must always be our motives in doing so?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. May any person in the world be excused from helping another, or helping the needy?

2. Children are sometimes neglected by their associates, or by others, because they are not as well dressed, or as well appearing as other children. In what way could you help such unfortunate children?

3. Which would be the more acceptable service to the neglected or unfortunate, to show them attention, kindness, sympathy and respect, when they were abused, or to make them presents of money or clothing?

4. Which do you think would be more *in need* of your kind assistance, those who are so unfortunate as to be poor and ignorant, or those who are so thoughtless or reckless as to treat unfortunate persons unkindly?

5. In what manner could you help those who would thoughtlessly, or intentionally, injure the feelings of unfortunate children?

6. If your kind advice, and your good example, should seem to be entirely lost, the first time, upon those who are abusive to the unfortunate, would you think it your duty to advise them again and again?

7. Which would you give more pleasure, to have small favors rendered you *very cheerfully* and *willingly*, or greater ones *very reluctantly?*

8. After you have rendered favors to others, is it well

to mention the matter to your friends and to strangers?

9. Is it well ever to remind those to whom you have made presents, or upon whom you have, in any manner, conferred favors, of your liberality or kindness?

10. What course of conduct and of secrecy ought every one to pursue who renders assistance, in any manner, to another?

LESSON XIII.

THE GREATEST CONQUEROR IS THE SELF-CONQUEROR.

NARRATIVE.

A Noble Example.—About the year 1776, a circumstance occurred which ought to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England, with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early become friends of the English. Their favorite grounds were on the banks of the river (now the Thames) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are scarcely protected in the enjoyment and possession of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe became hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals whose skins were valuable for their furs.

Among these hunters, there was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zachary and the throne, died, and he found himself with only one life between himself and the empire. At this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously, "How can such a drunken wretch as I aspire to be a chief of this honorable race? What will my people say? —and how will the shades of my ancestors look down, indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never to taste any drink again but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook of the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony, was held at Hartford. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about mid-way on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother Governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is excellent—will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife and fork, leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression—his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me:

"John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you I am, and if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and again become the contemptible drunken wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt a man to break a good resolution."

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful fall of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.—*Col. Trumbull's Autobiography.*

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. How do those who play skilfully upon musical instruments, acquire such control over their fingers or hands?

2. How do those who read well, or sing well, acquire such control over their voices?

3. How does the good scholar obtain such command over his thoughts that he can give close attention to study in the midst of confusion, if he pleases to do so?

4. Will *effort* and *practice*, enable persons to control their appetites and passions, as well as their fingers, or voices, or thoughts?

5. Can any one learn to uniformly practice self-control *without* effort and practice?

6. When is the best time to commence learning to write, or to sing, or to play on musical instruments,—at the age of ten, fifteen, twenty or forty years?

7. At what age is the best time to begin to practice habits of self-control?

8. Why did the Indian, in the last narrative, find it such a fearful thing to attempt to keep his appetite under control?

9. Why does *any one* find it so difficult to conquer bad habits?

10. Would you expect that an ignorant, uncultivated person, would control his appetites and passions, as well as one who has good opportunities for instruction?

11. If an uneducated Indian, fifty years of age, could conquer his bad habits, cannot other persons do so?—How?

NARRATIVE.

The Basket of Peaches.—Half a century ago, that excellent man, the Rev. William Woodbridge, established in the town, now city, of Newark, a boarding-school for young ladies. His residence was on the upper Green, in a large stone building, afterwards the property of A.

Dey, Esq., and attached to the house was a large, deep garden, well filled with fruit trees.

The venerable preceptor could sit in his back parlor, and while unobserved, have a tolerably good view of the entire garden, and of all the young ladies who delighted to frequent it. He was greatly pleased to see his young and joyous flock of charming girls gambolling under the trees and enjoying the beauties of nature when robed in the glories of early summer, and he did not fail to improve every opportunity to enforce some valuable truth.

It was about midsummer that he noticed one luxuriant peach-tree laden with green fruit so plentifully, that the boughs were bowed down under its weight. He naturally supposed that the beautiful tinge upon the ripening peach might tempt his young friends to taste of the fruit before it was fully ripe; and one lovely afternoon, just before sunset, he called the young ladies into the parlor and kindly and affectionately expostulated with them on the danger of eating unripe fruit, and he promised that those who refrained from plucking the green fruit, should have it all when matured. Each bright and happy face yielded a full assent to this reasonable proposition, and ran down into the garden with unwonted delight.

This tree, in particular, was an object of great attention, and the warm days of summer were fast preparing for this happy throng a delicious feast. They daily watched its progress towards maturity, and manifested sometimes no little impatience.

The venerable minister and teacher, as he sat in his back parlor, and as the peaches were fast approaching to maturity, could sometimes see the uplifted hand of some young lady plucking the forbidden fruit. He, however, said nothing until the time arrived when the peaches were perfectly ripe. He had the fruit carefully

gathered, and the very choicest of it filled a large basket.

He placed it in the back parlor and called in all the young ladies, and took occasion, on exhibiting it, of enforcing the propriety of his former injunction, and assured them of the gratification it now afforded him of presenting to them a basket of delicious fruit fully ripe; and requested those who had not plucked any green peaches from the tree, to come forward and partake bountifully of the large supply.

To his surprise, all remained motionless except one little girl. She, with a gentle step, approached the venerable teacher. "My dear," said he, "have you not eaten a single peach?" She laid her little hand upon her breast, and sweetly replied, "*Not one, sir.*" "Then," said the excellent man, "the whole basket full is yours."

The happy girl took them and made distribution among all her school-fellows. How pure the joy which flows from obedience, and how pure its reward!

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12. Why was the little girl, in the last narrative, more successful in controlling her appetite than her older associates?

13. Which would you think the more difficult to conquer, a strong appetite, or a violent, hasty temper?

NARRATIVE.

Anger.—It is common among children to get angry with their companions, about little, trifling things, which are not worth disputing about. We have seen the flushed cheek, and the raised arm of a youth, for no other reason than simply because he had been contradicted by an asso-

ciate. But it is easy to subdue your angry feelings if you but make the attempt. When irritated, or injured in any way, reflect a moment on what your duty is—and be noble-minded enough to pay no attention to a supposed insult, and endeavor to convince your companion of the impropriety of his conduct. For if you suffer your passion to be indulged, the evil will increase with your years, and it may be with you as it has been with hundreds, who, in an unguarded moment, have committed an act that forever after deprived them of enjoyment, if not occasioned their death.

In England, a man living near Barnard Castle, was ploughing a field adjoining his cottage. His son, a young boy, who was driving, happened to displease him; at which he flew into a violent rage, and in his fit of fury, struck the boy with the plough-staff so dreadful a blow, that the poor child fell down and died on the spot. When the father saw that the son was dead, he uttered three loud and agonizing shrieks; on hearing which, his wife ran out of the house to the place, leaving a young child in the cradle, and the door open. When she came back, she found her infant torn and mangled to death, by a sow, that had gone into the house during her absence. In her frenzy of grief, the wretched mother ran to the river, which was hard by, and throwing herself in, was drowned. To finish the tragedy, this most unhappy man, who, by yielding to the temptations of undue anger, at the fault of his child, thus dreadfully saw himself bereft, was apprehended and committed to York castle, to take his trial for the slaying of his son.

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14. If you have yielded to your angry feelings *once*, will you be *more*, or *less* likely to do so again?

15. Is it probable the man, spoken of in the last narrative, had ever been angry with any one before?

16. What difference is there between persons who allow themselves to be wholly controlled by anger, and persons at the Insane Asylum, who have lost the use of their reason?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. After you have controlled your appetite once, will it be *more*, or *less* easy to do it again?

2. If you have thoroughly controlled your hasty temper, or your angry feelings *once*, will it be *more* or *less* easy to do it again?

3. Sometimes when children are called to account for being in a quarrel, they try to excuse themselves by saying that they *cannot help it*. Do you think this a good excuse? What excuse should be given?

4. Sometimes scholars leave school without permission of parents or teachers. They give as a reason for doing so, that *other boys urged him to go*, and they could not *help going*. Do you think this a good reason? What reason should be given?

5. Children sometimes speak unkindly to their mother when they are denied any favor. Do you think they might refrain from unkind words if they *would try?*

6. Some children who would not *speak* unkindly to a

mother or sister, *feel* angry if they are denied a favor. Do you think they might help their *angry feelings* if they *would try?*

7. Do some children control their actions and *feelings too?* If *some* do, may not *all*, if they would try?

8. How would you try to prevent feeling angry if some one should do you an injury?

9. Which would you think the greater accomplishment, the ability to control *your temper well*, or the ability to *sing well?*

10. What accomplishment do you think more desirable than the ability to control all your appetites and passions?

11. In what manner is any one ever to become a *self-conquerer?*

LESSON XIV.

SWEAR NOT AT ALL.

NARRATIVE.

Profane Swearing.—Brother S—— and myself were entertained during the Convention, at the house of a medical gentleman, eminent in his profession, but addicted, it was said, to profanity in ordinary conversation. Without a premonition, no suspicion of so blameworthy a practice could have arisen in our minds; for no real Christian

ever showed guests greater courtesy, or seemed so far from profaneness than our gentlemanly host. He did not even annoy us with lady-like mincings, putting forth the buddings of profanity in "la me!—good gracious!" and the like.

But on Sabbath night, our conversation taking a religious turn, the subject of profane swearing was incidentally named, when I could not resist the temptation of drawing a bow at a venture; and so I said:

"Doctor, we leave you to-morrow; and be assured we are very grateful to Mrs. D—— and yourself; but may I say, dear sir, we have been disappointed here?"

"Disappointed!"

"Yes, sir, most agreeably——"

"In what, Mr. C——?"

"Will you pardon me, if I say we were misinformed, and may I name it?"

"Certainly, sir, say what you wish."

"Well, my dear sir, we were told that Doctor D—— was not guarded in his language,—but surely you are misrepresented——"

"Sir," interrupted he, "I *do* honor you for candor; yet, sir, I regret to say, you have not been misinformed. I do, and perhaps habitually, use profane language; but, sir, can you think I would swear before religious people, and one of them a clergyman?"

Tears stood in my eyes, (the frank-heartedness of a gentleman always starts them,) as I took his hand and replied:

"My dear sir, you amaze us! Can it be that Dr. D——, so courteous and intelligent a man, has greater reverence for *us*, than for the venerable *God!*"

"Gentlemen," replied the Doctor, and with a tremulous voice, "I never did before see the utter folly of profane swearing. I will abandon it forever."

Reader, are you profane? Imitate the manly recantation of my estimable friend, Dr. D——.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Many persons, like the Doctor, in the preceding narrative, accustomed to the use of profane language, suddenly refrain from it when coming into the presence of those they consider worthy of much respect. Why is this?

2. If it is not right or proper to swear before *respectable* people, when and where is it right or proper to swear?

3. What advantage does any one derive from swearing? If none, why do persons practice it?

4. Would it be a good excuse for *stealing*, if the thief should plead that it was *fashionable?*

5. Is it a good excuse for swearing, because one is *very angry?* Would it not be right, or excusable, to *lie*, or to *steal* when one is angry, if it is to swear?

6. Some persons *never think* of using a profane word, much less do they ever use one. Might every one refrain from doing so, if they would?

7. After boys have learned to swear, what other bad habits may be expected soon to follow, if they are not *already* formed?

EXTRACT.

A Nest of Vipers.—When you hear any one use profane language, you will not wrong him if you conclude

that this is only *one* of the nest of vipers which he carries in his heart; and although this is the only one that now hisses, yet each in his turn, is master of the poor wretch who is giving his life-blood to feed them.

8. Would you think it safe for a boy who would swear, to have charge of money in a store? Why not?

9. Some persons seem to think that it is an indication of very *great ability* in a person to swear frequently. Do you think that it requires a *great intellect* to utter *great oaths?*

10. Other persons seem to suppose that it is a proof of *very great courage*, to swear occasionally or fequently. If a man or boy possesses any *true* courage, do you see any necessity for *swearing* about it?

11. If profanity is not a proof of greatness or courage, of what is it a proof?

NARRATIVE.

Washington's Opinion of Profane Swearing.— That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General, in future, excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in the American Army, is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that

both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If you had a dear friend, would you think it any mark of *true greatness* to wantonly injure his feelings by often speaking his name reproachfully?

2. Would you have a right to expect that such an one would remain your friend, if you thus repeatedly used his name contemptuously?

3. Some persons use *all the forms* of an oath, omitting or changing the most *objectionable* words. What would you think of the propriety of this habit?

4. Would you think it respectful to raise your arm and strike a blow at the face of a superior, though you were ever so careful not to *really hit him?* (No more is it safe or proper to use the *forms of an oath*, though the most irreverent expressions be omitted.)

5. Some persons in telling a story, or in relating the conversation of others, repeat the profane expressions that have been made, thinking they add very much to the interest, or show the parties to be *very witty*. What would you think of the propriety of laughing at, or repeating profane expressions?

6. Do you think that it is your duty ever to reprove those who use profane language?

LESSON XV.

BE FAITHFUL TO EVERY TRUST.

NARRATIVE.

The Capture of Major Andre.—One of the saddest pages in the history of the American Revolution is the *treason of Arnold*, and, in consequence of it, the death of Major Andre. Arnold, you know, was an officer in the American Army, who, though brave, had a proud and impatient spirit. He fancied he had not all the honor and the pay due for his services, and having plunged himself into debt by his expensive style of living, these things soured his heart; and, as is the case with ungenerous minds, he never acknowledged a fault or forgave an injury. More than this, he sought revenge against his countrymen by plotting treason against his country.

Soon after forming this bad design, he opened a secret correspondence with the English general, Henry Clinton, and at the same time asked Washington to give him the command of West Point, an important fort on the Hudson river. Washington let him have it, and this he determined to betray into the hands of the enemy, provided he could make out of it a good bargain for himself. He wrote to Clinton what he would do, and asked to have a secret interview with some English officer, in order to agree upon the terms. Clinton was delighted, for he thought that an army divided against itself must prove an easy conquest, and he asked Major Andre, a gallant young officer, to meet Arnold and settle the price of his treason.

Andre did not wish to engage in such business, but he obeyed and went up the Hudson in an English sloop-of-war for this purpose. Arnold agreed to meet him at a certain spot, and, when night came on, sent a little boat to bring him ashore. He landed at the foot of a mountain called the Long Clove, on the western side of the river a few miles from Haverstraw, where he found the traitor hid in a clump of bushes. Little did poor Andre foresee the fatal consequences of this step. All that still starlight night they sat and talked; daylight came, and the business was not concluded. Arnold dismissed the boatmen, and led his companion to a solitary farm-house on the river's bank, where the papers were finally drawn up and hid in one of Andre's stockings. Andre felt how exposed he was to danger in the enemy's country, and heartily wished himself back to the sloop.

Forced now, however, to go by land, Arnold gave him a pass to go through the American lines, and at sunset he set off on horseback with a guide. They crossed the river, and getting along on their dangerous journey with but few alarms, the guide left, the next morning, and Andre rode briskly on, congratulating himself upon leaving all danger behind, for he was rapidly nearing the English lines, when all at once there was a loud shout, "stand," "halt," and three men issued from the woods, one seizing his bridle and the others presenting their guns. He told them he had a pass to White Plains, on urgent business for General Arnold, and begged them not to detain him; but, somehow or other, the men, suspecting that all was not right, began to search him, and hauling off his boots, they discovered his papers in his stockings. Seeing himself found out, he offered them any sum of money to let him go. "No," answered the sturdy men, "not if you would give us ten thousand guineas;" for though poor

they were above selling their country at any price. Andre was sent a prisoner to Washington's camp. Arnold on learning the news of his capture, immediately fled from West Point, and made his escape to the English sloop.

According to the rules of war poor Major Andre was sentenced to the death of a spy. Great effort was made to save him. General Clinton offered any sum to redeem him. So young, so amiable, so gallant, and to meet a felon's doom! but in ten days he was hung.

Arnold lived, but with the thirty thousand dollars—the price of his treachery—he lived a miserable man, despised even by those who bought him. And one impressive lesson which the story teaches is, that *the consequences of guilt do not fall alone on the guilty man;* others are often involved in distress, disgrace and ruin. How the helpless children of the drunkard suffer on his account! How the poor wife of the forger passes her days in grief! How vicious children bring the gray hairs of their parents to the grave! The innocent everywhere suffer with the guilty, for we are all bound together by ties which cannot be broken. If the good may bless us, so also the bad may prove a curse to us. What a motive is this for you to lead a virtuous life, fearing God and hating every evil way.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Have you ever read or heard of any one who has stood at his post of duty, even when danger and death seemed to be very near? Whom?

2. Have you ever known or heard of any one who deserted the post of duty for any reason? Whom?

3. Were the sentinels who arrested Major Andre, placed in a position of *greater*, or *less* responsibility, than was General Arnold?

4. Were the sentinels *more*, or *less* faithful to their duty, than was General Arnold to his?

5. Which deserves the more honor, the person who holds a *very small* trust, and yet is very faithful to that trust, or a person who holds a position of great importance, and is neglectful of its duties?

6. Which will be the longer remembered and honored, the three faithful sentinels who arrested Major Andre, and refused all offers to release him, or most of the early Governors of the States?

7. When persons are not faithful in *little things*, what would you expect of them in greater trusts?

NARRATIVE.

"I'll do it Well."—There lives in New England a gentleman who gave me the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a *tin manufactory*. When twenty-one years old he had lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength.

He said he went out to find employment with the determination, that whatever he did, he would do it *well*. The first and only thing he found that he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in an hotel. This he did, and did it well, as gentlemen now living would testify. Tho'

the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on very extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for mental and moral cultivation. He now holds an elevated place in the community where he lives.

Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of success. The man's *whole* character, of whom I have spoken, was *formed* and *directed* by the determination to do whatever he did, well.

Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, "*Go up higher.*"

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8. Is it degrading to any one to attend, *faithfully*, to the *smallest duty?*

9. Which will the sooner create confidence with employers, fine clothes and polite manners, or close attention to their interests?

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NARRATIVE.

The Prompt Clerk.—I once knew a young man, (said an eminent preacher the other day, in a sermon to young men,) that was commencing life as a clerk. One day his

employer said to him, "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work: he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed all the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work, and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock in the day, his master came in, and, seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very blank, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo of cotton this morning."

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be the one that could not be spared—he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune. He was not smoke to the eyes, nor vinegar to the teeth, but just the contrary.

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11. We are sometimes in the service of others where they can not know whether we are attending faithfully to their interests or not. What rule of conduct should we observe under such circumstances?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If your father or mother were dangerously ill, and the attending physician should omit to call for one day, because *the weather was very stormy*, would you think he was faithful to his duty?

2. Suppose the physician should omit to call for one day when your relative was dangerously ill, because he had a chance to make one hundred dollars by staying at home, do you think he would be faithful to his duty?

3. Suppose, instead of coming himself, he employs some other physician to attend for one day, because he has a chance to make fifty dollars in some way, would this be faithfulness to duty?

4. But if your friend should recover just as well as if the regular physician had attended every day, would it make any difference respecting *his faithfulness* in the case?

5. Suppose a boy who is employed in a store, locks the door and goes away fifteen minutes to see a show in the streets, does he do his duty?

6. But if *no one calls* in his absence, though he has been out of sight of the store fifteen minutes, does it make any difference respecting his faithfulness?

7. If a boy were directed by his father to carry a letter to the Post Office and hand it to the Post Master,

and, because he wished to see the fire companies on parade, he should send the letter by another boy, would he be doing his duty?

8. But suppose the letter should really be placed in the Office *just as soon*, and *just as safely*, as he could have done it himself, would the son have done his duty?

9. Instead of wishing to see the parade of fire companies, suppose that he *saw a storm* coming up, and that he should send the letter by another boy, lest he should be caught in the rain, would he be doing his duty?

16. If, while on his way to the Post Office, he is informed by another boy that the Office is closed, and that he cannot get in, what ought he to do?

LESSON XVI.

BE NEAT.

NARRATIVE.

NEATNESS A FORTUNE.—In a recent conversation with a wealthy merchant, he remarked that whatever he had acquired was owing, in a great measure, to the fact that his mother had brought him up to be neat when a boy.

His story, as nearly as I can recollect it, was as follows:

"When I was six years old, my father died, leaving nothing to my mother but the charge of myself and two

younger sisters. After selling the greater portion of the household furniture she had owned, she took two small upper rooms in W—— street, and there, by her needle, contrived, in some way—how, I cannot conceive, when I recollect the bare pittance for which she worked—to support us in comfort. Frequently, however, I remember that our supper consisted simply of a slice of bread, seasoned by hunger, and rendered inviting by the neat manner in which our repast was served, our table being always spread with a cloth, which, like my mother's heart, seemed ever to preserve a snow-white purity."

Wiping his eyes, the merchant continued:

"Speaking of those days reminds me of the time when we sat down to the old table one evening, when my mother had asked the blessings of our Heavenly Father on her little defenceless ones, in tones of tender pathos, that I remember yet, and which, if possible, I think must have made angels weep, she divided the little remnant of her only loaf, into three pieces, placing one on each of our plates, but reserving none for herself. I stole around to her side and placed my portion before her, and was about to tell her that I was not hungry, when a flood of tears burst from her eyes, and she clasped me to her bosom. Our meal was left untouched, we sat up late that night, but what we said, I cannot tell. I know that my mother talked to me more as a companion than a child, and that when we knelt down to pray, I consecrated myself to be the Lord's and to serve my mother.

"But," said he, "this is not telling you how neatness made my fortune. It was sometime after this that my mother found an advertisement in the newspaper for an errand boy in a commission store in B— street. Without being necessitated to wait to have my clothes mended, for my mother kept them in perfect order, and although

on minute inspection they bore traces of more than one patch, yet, on the whole, they had a very respectable air; without being obliged to wait even to polish my shoes, for my mother always kept a box of blacking, with which my cowhides must always be set off before I took my breakfast; without waiting to arrange my hair, for I was obliged to observe from my earliest youth, the most perfect neatness in every respect, my mother sent me to see if I could obtain the situation. With a light step, I started, as I had for a long time wished my mother to allow me to do something to assist her.

"My heart beat fast, I assure you, as I turned out of W—— into B—— street, and made my way along to the number my mother had given me. I summoned all the courage I could muster, and stepped briskly into the store, found my way to the counting-room, and made known the reason of my calling. The merchant smiled, and told me that there was another boy who had come in a little before me he thought he should hire. However, he asked me some questions, and then went and conversed with the other boy, who stood in the back part of the office. The result was, that the lad who had first applied was dismissed, and I entered the merchant's employment, first as an errand-boy, then as a clerk, afterwards as his partner until his decease, when he left to me the whole business, stock, &c. After I had been in his service some years, he told me the reason he chose me in preference to the other boy, was because of the general neatness of my person, while in reference to the other lad, he noticed that he had neglected properly to turn down his vest. To this simple circumstance has probably been owing the greater part of my success in business."

Will not all my young friends who read this narrative of the successful merchant, like him, form in their youth

habits of neatness? Remember that no one will love a slovenly boy or girl, and if you would secure the respect of your acquaintances, you must be very careful in respect to your personal appearance. Purity and cleanliness of person are indispensable to the highest purity of character.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Is it probable that persons, who are not themselves neat in their habits, like to see neatness in others?

2. Some persons do not give much attention to personal cleanliness for the reason that it takes so much time. Do you think this a good excuse?

3. Other persons excuse themselves from attention to cleanliness because they are *poor*. Is poverty any excuse for filthy habits?

4. Might the mother, in the last narrative, have offered poverty as an excuse for dirty children, as well as any one? Did it cost this good mother a very great sum to keep her children neat?

5. Is it probable that the habits of cleanliness which these children practiced, was any cause of suffering to them?

6. Do you suppose that persons who are *very particular* in their habits of cleanliness, can perform as much labor or as much study, as others?

7. But some very useful employments make it necessary that those who follow them should be in the midst of smoke, or dust, or dirt, for a time. What advice could

you give to such persons, respecting cleanliness and neatness?

8. What advice on the subject of neatness and personal appearance, would you give to children, or to the unfortunate, who desire kind attentions from friends or from strangers?

EXTRACT.

Personal Appearance of Children.—Some writer, but his name we do not know, holds the following rational discourse in relation to the dressing of children:

Send two children into the street; let one be a bare-headed, bare-footed ragmuffin, with a face which perhaps never had but one thorough washing, hair that never heard of any comb, and nobody would think of giving him a hand to help him through any mud-puddle or over any gutter; or if he should get run over in the street, you would hear no other remark, than that he was a dirty dog, and might have got out of the way. On the other hand, send a sweet girl into the street, looking like a new blown rose, with the glistening dew-drops hanging from its leaves, and above all, her face as clean as air, as transparent as you know her untainted mind is under all this, and there is not a chimney sweep so low that he would not give her the side-walk; nor a clown, even among the clownish, who would not, if he dared touch her, wipe his hands upon his clothes, and with delight carry her over the crossings rather than that she should soil even the sole of her slipper.

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9. When is it proper *to begin* to practice habits of neatness?

10. What slovenly and dirty habits ought pupils to avoid in the school-room?

11. If pupils should never come into the school-room with dirt upon their shoes or clothes, never spit upon the floor, and never allow papers or litter of any kind about their seats, in what ways would the teacher and all of the pupils be thereby benefitted?

12. Where would you *first* look for virtuous conduct, among persons of *very neat* personal appearance, or among persons of careless, slovenly, filthy habits?

13. Which would you think the more becoming in a lady or gentleman, a very expensive dress—yet soiled with dirt and grease, or a very plain dress—yet scrupulously neat and clean?

LESSON XVII.

RIGHT ACTIONS SHOULD SPRING FROM RIGHT MOTIVES.

NARRATIVE.

The way with some People.—Deacon S—— once employed a cobbler to take a few stitches in a boot, for which service he was asked half a dollar. The demand was considered exorbitant; but the deacon was not a man to have trouble with his neighbor on a trifling matter, so, without a word of objection, it was cancelled. "All will come round right in the end," he said to himself.

Next morning, the deacon, who was a farmer, was on his way to his field with oxen and plough, when the cobbler came out of his shop and accosted him.

"Good morning, deacon. You're just the man I hoped to see. The case is, I've hired the field yonder, and am going to sow it with wheat; but being no farmer myself, I wish you would stop and give me a little insight into the business."

The other was about to excuse himself, for he felt particularly anxious to finish a piece of ploughing that day, which he could not if detained at all, when remembering the boot-mending, thought he, "The affair is coming right so soon. Here is an opportunity for illustrating the Golden Rule, and returning good for evil. I will render the assistance he needs, and when he asks what's to pay, will answer, 'Nothing, sir, nothing. I never make account of these little neighborly kindnesses.' *That* will remind him of yesterday."

So the deacon readily consented to do as requested, and going over to the field, commenced and finished sowing a bushel of grain; scarcely thinking, meantime, of how his team was standing idle in the cool of the day; but glorying in anticipation of the smart his neighbor would suffer from the living coals about to be heaped upon his head. The employer, who, seated on a pile of stones in the centre of the field, had watched the process in silence, now rose to his feet, and very deliberately advanced towards the obliging farmer.

"Now for my revenge," thought the latter, seeing him about to speak; but the other only carelessly remarked, "It isn't much to do a thing when one knows how."

The deacon made no reply, but stood awaiting the question, "How much do you ask for your labor?" He waited in vain, however; the question was not asked.—

The other began to speak on indifferent topics; and the farmer, unwilling to lose more time, turned and hurried away to where he had left his team. He had gone some distance along the road, when a voice was heard calling, "Hallo, deacon. Hold on there a minute."

The deacon turned his head, and his neighbor, the cobbler, beckoned him back.

"He's just thought of it," said the deacon to himself, half impatient at being again stopped. "My triumph is to cost about as much as 'tis worth, but I'll have it after all. Urge as he may, I won't take a single dime."

So saying, he secured his oxen to a post by the roadside, and ran back as far as the wall, against the opposite side of which the cobbler was carelessly leaning.

"Why, how you puff, deacon; there's no special haste called for. I merely thought to ask whether you don't imagine we shall have rain soon. You farmers pay more attention to these things than we mechanics do?"

The deacon coughed a full minute, and then answered that he "really could'nt say, but it seemed pretty near *cool* enough for snow;" and giving this opinion, he once more set his face farmward; musing as he went, whether it might not have been well to have attached to the Golden Rule a modifying clause, suited to dealing with such people as his neighbor of the awl and last.

The deacon loves, to this day, to tell the story and laugh over it; but he never fails to add, " *Well*, well, it ended just as it should; inasmuch as I was wickedly calculating *on rejoicing over my neighbor's humiliation.*"

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Was it right in Deacon S. to assist his neighbor in sowing his wheat?

2. Would it have been right for him to have charged his neighbor a reasonable price for his services?

3. But the deacon did not charge his neighbor anything for the assistance he rendered him. Do you see anything wrong in the deacon's conduct?

4. If the Deacon really intended to render his neighbor some assistance, in return for an injury he had received, *with what motive* should he have undertaken to do so?

5. May persons be guilty of great crimes, and yet *do* no wrong?

6. If a person should *try* to break into your house to steal your goods or your money, but should not succeed because he was discovered, would he be guilty of stealing? Why?

7. If a person should *try* to take the life of another, but should not succeed because he was so closely watched, would that person be guilty of murder?

8. Suppose you had been late to school this morning, and you had made up your mind that, if called upon for an excuse, you would give some other reason than the *true one;* but you did not happen to be called upon. Would you be guilty of any wrong?

9. Suppose you had whispered this morning, and, fearing you would suffer some penalty if you confessed it, you had made up your mind that if the scholars who had whispered were called upon to arise, *you would not do so:* but such scholars were not called on. Would you be guilty of any wrong?

10. Suppose you are very anxious to see the fire com-

panies on parade, and you determine that if your mother will not let you go, you will *run away* and see them. But when you ask her, she says "yes, you may go." If you then go, will you be guilty of any disobedience to your mother?

11. May persons deserve credit for virtuous deeds which they have never performed?

12. If a rich man, desiring to help a poor family, should give them *ten dollars* to buy food and clothing, and a very poor man, just as anxious to help the same family, should give them *ten cents* for the same purpose, which of the men do you think would deserve the more credit?

13. If a boy, very anxious to help his poor father, should earn *five dollars* for him in a month and bring it home to him, and a little sister, just as anxious to help her mother, should work just as hard, one month, and earn *two dollars* and bring to her, which do you think would deserve the more credit?

14. If a boy, very anxious to help his father, should work a month and earn five dollars for him, while the sister, who had undertaken to earn just as much for her mother, should be taken sick and use all of her money for medicine and assistance, which would deserve the more credit?

15. If you were to do well from good motives, at the time, and should afterwards boast of your good deeds, or take pains to have others know them, would you still deserve credit for doing well?

NARRATIVE.

The Drayman.—An honest drayman was standing on the wharf, when a little boy fell into the water. No one exerted himself to rescue the child, and the stream was fast bearing him away. The poor drayman seeing this, sprang into the water, swam to the child, took him in his arms and brought him safely to the wharf. He put him in the care of one who promised to see him safely home, while the drayman resumed his labors as if nothing had happened. On his return home, the drayman's family were surprised at his humid appearance, and made a number of inquiries, to which he gave unsatisfactory answers, and it was passed off as a subject beneath their inquiry. About two weeks after this occurrence, on going home, the drayman found three persons waiting his arrival—a man with his wife and child. "That is the man, father, that is the man," exclaimed the boy. The father sprang from his seat and threw his arms around the neck of the drayman, and expressed his gratitude in tears.

"Come, sir," said he, "come and visit a family which you have saved from destruction—take the blessings of a father and mother, who, but for your intervention, would have been overwhelmed in sorrow—whose only son you have rescued from the watery element."

This was the first knowledge the drayman's family had of the circumstance. When the conversation turned on his silence, he made no other relpy than to read the following verses from the Bible:

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in Heaven.—Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that

they may have glory of men; verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy left hand [here the drayman cast a glance round upon his family,] know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Such a spirit of Christian benevolence, we desire to be possessed by every child. We should not value our own convenience—our life even—if we can save another from death. Nor should we spread abroad our good deeds. It is sufficient for us to know that our heavenly Father approves of what we have done. He knoweth when we are useful, and he will not let us lose our reward.

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16. How many things do you see in the conduct of the drayman to approve?

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

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QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Suppose a father should privately say to his son, "John, if you will help me in the field to-day," I will give you fifty cents at night," and to James, privately, "if you will help me in the field to-day, you may go a hunting to-morrow," and to Henry, privately, "if you will help me to-day, you may go with me to visit your cousins next week," and to George, privately, "I have much to do to-day, are you willing to help your father in the field?" and he cheerfully says, *yes*, *sir*, and all work through the day, John for money, James for the pleasure of hunting,

Henry for the promised pleasure of a visit, and George, *because he loves his father.* Which works from the best motive, and which deserves the most credit?

2. Pupils sometimes study very diligently with the single purpose of *being first in their class.* Is there any *other* motive which should incite a scholar to study? Is there any *higher* motive?

3. Children are sometimes *very attentive* to the commands and wishes of their parents, and *very diligent* in assisting them for a little time, for the reason that they intend to ask the privilege of going to a pleasure excursion, or of visiting an afternoon with some friends. What *other* motive sometimes prompts children to be just as faithful and just as obedient to parents? What *higher* motive?

4. Persons sometimes refrain from angry feelings and unkind words, lest they should offend the company present, or lose, thereby, some favorite enjoyment. What *other* motive should cause one to control angry feelings and refrain from unkind words? What *higher* motive?

LESSON XVIII.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

NARRATIVE.

The Panorama Boy.—Some years ago, a boy was sitting with folded hands, in a tiny skiff, on the bosom of

the mighty Mississippi. The setting sun was shining on the water, and on the beautiful banks of the river, rich with different colored foliage. So full was the mind of the boy with wonder and delight that he let the boat glide on unheeded, while he still sat gazing on the banks of the river. He had heard that America was richer in beautiful scenery than any other country in the world, and as he glided on looking around him he believed the saying, and then came into his mind the desire and resolve to become an artist, that he might paint the magnificent scenes of his native land.

This boy's name was Banvard, and the resolution he made to paint the largest picture in the world was never given up by him till it was accomplished. When we think for a moment of a fatherless, moneyless lad, painting a picture covering three miles of surface, and representing a range of scenery three thousand miles in extent, well may we be ashamed in giving up anything worth pursuing merely because it costs us a little trouble. One might also think that young Banvard had taken for his motto the words which I saw in a book lately:—

> "Think well before you pursue it;
> But when you begin, go through it."

When his father died, John was left a poor, friendless lad, and obtained employment with a druggist; but so fond was he of sketching the likenesses of those about him on the walls with chalk or coal, that his master told him he made better likenesses than pills; so poor John lost his situation. He then tried other plans, and met with many disappointments; but at last he succeeded in obtaining as much money as he thought would enable him to paint his great picture.

He had to go through great danger and trouble before he could take all his sketches, spread over a distance of

three thousand miles. Having bought a small skiff, he set off alone on his perilous adventure. He traveled thousands of miles, crossing the Mississippi backwards and forwards to secure the best points for making his sketches. All day long he went on sketching, and when the sun was about to set he either shot wild fowl on the river, or hauling his little boat ashore, went into the woods with his rifle to shoot game. After cooking and eating his supper, he turned his boat over on the ground, and crept under it, rolling himself up in his blanket to sleep for the night, safe from the falling dews and prowling animals. Sometimes for weeks together he never spoke to a human being. In this manner he went on sketching for more than four hundred days, before the necessary drawings were finished, and then he set to work in earnest to paint his picture.

They were only sketches that he made in his wanderings. After these were completed he had to buy colors and canvass, and to erect a large wooden building where he might paint his picture without interruption.

I have now told you about the Panorama; when it was finished it covered three miles of canvass, and represented a range of scenery three thousand miles in extent, and that all this magnificent work was executed by a poor, fatherless, moneyless lad, ought to make us ashamed of giving up any undertaking worth pursuing, merely because it would cost us some trouble.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Which would probably feel the happier, John Banvard alone, busily at work, in the wilderness, or the boy surrounded with friends and every luxury, but *with nothing to do?*

2. Does a person feel *more*, or *less* happy who has a great and good object before him to accomplish, than the person who has no plan before him, and no labor to do?

3. Which is better, *to try* to do something very useful and yet very difficult, and fail in our object, or not to attempt to do anything at all?

4. Which affords us the greater pleasure, to do what is very difficult to be done, or to do what is very easy to be done?

5. Which affords us the greater pleasure, to do what is very easy to be done, if it is useful, or to do nothing at all?

6. Some persons seem to suppose that it is *very degrading* to do any thing useful. What is your opinion of this?

7. Some persons think that *some* useful employments are honorable, and that other employments, *equally useful*, are very degrading. What do you think of this?

8. If a man *does his duty well*, which is the more honorable employment, to plough in the fields, or to weigh out sugar and tea?

9. Which is the more honorable employment, to write in an office, or to lay brick or stone in the erection of buildings?

NARRATIVE.

What a Hod-Man can Do.—Many persons turn up their noses at what they call "dirty work," as though all

honest labor was not cleaner than many kid-gloved ways of swindling one's self through the world. Rather than owe our living to the latter, we would infinitely prefer to shake carpets or sweep chimneys at fifty cents a day. A day or two since we learned an instructive bit of history touching a doer of "dirty work"—a hod-man. No matter where he was born; he was none the worse for being a Turkman or an Irishman.

He went to New York about ten years ago, young, healthy and honest. He could get no employment but hod-carrying, and he carried so well as to earn at once his dollar a day. He procured good, but cheap, board and lodgings; spent none of his earnings in groceries or low places; attended church on the Sabbath; educated himself evenings, laid up money, and at the end of five years bought a lot in the city, and built a pretty cottage. In one year more he found a good wife, and used the cottage he had before rented out. For this six years he had steadily carried the hod.

He was a noted worker, an acknowledged scholar, and a noble pattern of a man. On the opening of the eighth year, his talents and integrity were called to a more profitable account. He embarked as a partner in a professional business, already well established. This day he is worth at least $100,000; he has a lovely wife, and two beautiful children; a home that is the center of a brilliant social and intellectual circle, and he is one of the happiest and most honored of men, so far as he is known. So much has come of a hod-man.

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10. Is carrying mortar to build a building a *useful* employment? Is it an *honest* employment? Why need *any man* be ashamed to carry mortar to build a building?

11. Among pupils in school, there are *some* that learn much, and *many* that learn little. What makes the difference, where the advantages seem nearly equal?

NARRATIVE.

A Great American Scholar.—Some seventy or more years ago, there lived in Salem, Massachusetts, a poor boy, who had determined to get an education. He was confined in a shop through the day, and had but few advantages and little time for carrying out his design. He was not discouraged, however, but persevered like a hero, and every month witnessed his progress toward the object of his ambition. That boy was afterwards known throughout the civilized world as Dr. Bowditch, one of the most learned and famous scientific men our country has ever produced. But all that Bowditch knew, he learned; and all that he learned, he acquired by diligent and persevering application. You can form some idea of his indomitable perseverance, from a little incident that is related of him. While he was a boy, a valuable private library, which had been captured at sea, arrived in Salem. These books were a rare prize for those days, and young Bowditch borrowed a number of them from the person who had charge of them. The volumes were retained longer than was necessary for a simple perusal, and it was afterwards ascertained that the young student was so anxious to possess them, that he actually *copied* twenty ponderous folio and quarto volumes of scientific works, and thus made them his own? These volumes, which at that time he dare not think of purchasing, were of great service to him in after years; and his children have carefully preserved them, as precious memorials of the perseverance of their father.

12. Did Dr. Bowditch labor any harder than most students are willing to labor? Did he know anything that he did not labor to acquire?

13. Many things seem quite impossible to some persons, and quite possible to others. Can you give any reason for this difference?

NARRATIVE.

FEW THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.—"It is impossible," said some when Peter the Great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, through the cold, northern regions of Siberia, and over immense desserts; but Peter was not to be discouraged, and the *thing was done.*

"It is impossible," said many, when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin's. To benefit his people, he had determined to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg, so that the productions of de la Roche, (his own village) might find a market. Rocks were to be blasted and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but they still thought it was impossible. But he seized a pick-axe, put it across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot, and went to work; and the peasants soon followed him with their tools. The road and bridge were at length built, and to this day, the bridge bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible," said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the rugged flags and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey

the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough, of 24,000 pine trees, six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep; and this slide, which was completed in 1812, was kept moist. Its length was 44,000 English feet.

It had to be conducted over rocks or along their sides, or under ground, or over deep gorges, where it was sustained by scaffolds; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done. The trees rolled down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The larger pines, which were 100 feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work, says, "that such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, however quickly he attempted to repeat the blows.

Say not hastily, then, "it is impossible." It may be so to do a thing in an hour, a day, or a week. But resolve, and then act; and *persevere* in your work. "Time and patience," says a Spanish author, "make the mulberry leaf into satin."

LESSON XIX.

BE HONEST IN "LITTLE THINGS," UPRIGHT IN ALL THINGS.

NARRATIVE.

Temptation not Resisted.—The following is the case of a boy who yielded to temptation, and will show the dreadful consequences which followed.

The boy alluded to was the son of pious parents in the country; he had received much faithful instruction, and doubtless had been the subject of many prayers. His appearance was such as to excite affection and confidence, and his preparedness for business was ample. With these advantages he was placed in the store of a merchant of the best character in Boston. His master found him faithful and industrious; placed great confidence in him; committed much property to his care; and was often congratulated on having so good a boy, who bid fair to make "a first-rate man of business."

But, alas! it was not many months before this fair prospect was overclouded. The merchant heard that his favorite boy was *seen at a Theatre!* Knowing he had no money to pay for this wicked amusement, he doubted the report; but being assured of its correctness, he took him aside, and with much feeling told him what he had heard, and inquired if it was possible for *him* to be seen in such a place? Finding he was detected, the boy confessed the whole matter; from which it appeared, that at first he

was persuaded to attend an *Evening Book Auction*. There he found a crowd of young men—and the auctioneer was vociferous in praise of his "excellent books with splendid bindings, selling for less than the cost of printing." One book was offered which the boy had a great desire to read—but he had no money to pay for it. More of the same books were to be sold on the next evening. The thought passed through his mind—"Can't I borrow money enough to pay for this book, and after I have read it, sell it again, and pay what I have borrowed?" This thought appeared plausible and harmless—but it was the cause of his ruin. He borrowed the money *from his master's drawer*, without asking for it—and having once violated his conscience, he could no longer resist the temptation to take money, again and again, in the same way. —and having money in his possession, the desire to spend it all in sinful gratifications, was too strong to be resisted. and he was easily led (by his jovial "friends" which his money procured,) to the *Theatre*, that broad road to ruin. that *slaughter-house of the morals of many of our youth!*

His parents were informed of his conduct. It almost broke their hearts. He promised them that he would reform—but he felt degraded, his conscience tormented him, and it was not long before he *absconded!* After which, search being made, goods to the amount of several hundred dollars were found in his chamber, which he had purchased with money stolen from his master.

Thus were the fair prospects of a once amiable youth destroyed—his character gone—his father's house forsaken—and he wandering like a vagabond, exposed to the destructive allurements of vice, without a good conscience to refrain him, or a friend to advise him.

This is but one instance among many that occur yearly in Boston, of young men from the country who are ruined

by the many temptations which beset them here. These temptations are so various in their form, that it is difficult to describe them; but they meet an unsuspecting youth almost every hour—and in order to resist them and walk in the path of rectitude, he should firmly resolve to keep "a conscience void of offence towards God and man."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Do persons usually *first* steal very trifling, or very valuable articles?

2. How did the boy in the preceding narrative, commence his course of crime?

3. If, in passing a man's orchard, you should see plenty of fruit that was rotting upon the trees and ground, would it be right to take some of it to eat without asking the owner?

4. But if you were some acquainted with the owner, and felt sure he would give his consent, if you were to ask him, would it be right to take some without asking for it?

5. Children in passing along the road or street, sometimes reach over or through the fence and gather fruit. Is this right?

6. Somtimes the limbs of fruit trees hang over the street, and boys say "this fruit will fall into the road or street when it is ripe, we may as well take it before it falls." Is this right?

NARRATIVE.

HONESTY IN LITTLE THINGS.—"Matilda," said little

Thomas, "Do you know that one of the boughs of Mr. C.'s apple tree hangs over our garden wall, and when the fruit gets ripe, and the high winds blow, we shall have some of the apples." "*Indeed you will not.*" replied his sister, "for they are not *ours*, and *you must be honest, even in little things.*"

"Oh then," said Thomas, his eyes brightening while he expressed his thoughts, "we will throw them over the wall again, and he will be sure to find them." Admirable intention! all through life may principles of true rectitude direct the little boy. My dear readers, let me impress upon your minds the absolute need of the most *scrupulous honesty* on all occasions. You cannot tell how pilfering an apple, or stealing a pear, or a book, may stamp your character for life. Should your friends ever see any thing like duplicity in your conduct, they could not help being suspicious, which would make you feel very uncomfortable; therefore, say indignantly to the tempter, when he would incline you to that which is wrong; "how can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" and let the holy Psalmist's prayer be continually your prayer, both morning and evening too; "let integrity and uprightness preserve me:" and ever remember the two following lines, which, though old, are valuable:

"It is a sin to steal a pin,
And 'tis much more a greater thing."

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8. If apples are very plenty and very cheap, and wagon loads are standing in the street for sale, how many apples may a boy take from a wagon without leave, and not steal?

8. In passing around among mechanics, boys sometimes

gather up a *few nails*. How many *small nails* might a boy, in this way, put in his pocket *without stealing?*

9. Along the streets and wharves, casks of sugar are often broken open by accident or otherwise, and boys "*just taste*" of a little of the sugar. How many times might a boy "just taste," or how much sugar might he eat, *without making a case of stealing?*

10. If you wanted some fruit or some sugar to eat and did not think it right to steal *yourself*, how would it do for you to let some *other boys* steal the fruit, and then *you eat it* with them?

11. If you know that the fruit, or the, food, or the presents of *any kind* placed before you have been stolen, what ought you to do?

12. Persons sometimes *secretly borrow* the money or articles intrusted to their care, thinking *they will make all right* at some convenient time. What is wrong in this?

NARRATIVE.

Inordinate love of Dress.—I once knew a youth, the child of an officer in the navy, who had served his country with distinction, but whose premature death rendered his widow thankful to receive an official appointment for her delicate boy in a Government office. His income from the office was given faithfully to his mother: and it was a pleasure and a pride to him to gladden her heart by the thought that he was helping her. She had other children, but they were younger than he, and were two little girls, just rising one above another from the cradle to womanhood. Her scanty pension and his salary made

every one happy. But over this youth came a love of dress. He had not strength of mind to see how much more truly beautiful a pure mind is, than a finely-decorated exterior. He took pleasure in helping his mother and sisters, but did not take pleasure in thinking that to do this kindness to them, he must be contented for a time, to dress a little worse than his fellow clerks; his clothes might appear a little worn, but they were like the spot on the dress of a soldier, arising from the discharge of duty; they were no marks of undue carelessness: necessity had wrought them; and while they indicated necessity they marked also the path of honor; and without such spots duty must have been neglected. But this youth did not think of such considerations as these. He felt ashamed of his threadbare, but clean coat. The smart, new shining dress of other clerks, mortified him. They had no mother to assist, nor sisters dependent upon them; and probably some among them would have gladly come in a shabby coat, rather than lessen the necessaries of dear relatives at home. Robert —— truly loved his mother and sisters, and did not wish to lessen their income, but he wanted to appear finer. In an evil hour he ordered a suit of clothes from a fashionable tailor. His situation and connections procured him a short credit.—But tradesmen must be paid, and Robert —— was again and again importuned to defray his debt. To relieve himself of his creditor, he stole a letter containing a £10 note. His tailor was paid, but the injured party knew the number of the note. It was traced to the tailor, by him to Robert,, with the means and opportunity of stealing it, and in a few days the child (for he was sixteen) was transported. Before he went away, it was very affecting to see his truly respectable mother come to visit him. "Oh, Robert! how could you do this?" was her

plaintive expostulation. The distress she suffered, and the straitened way in which she and his sisters lived for many months, to pay the expenses of his defence, were never known to him. His mother entertained the liveliest hopes that he might escape by some legal defect; but all her hopes were blighted, and she lost her son probably forever. His birth-day passed in Newgate. On this occasion a Bible was sent him, and markers wrought in beads by his sisters. One was, "Robert, we still remember you;" another, by his youngest sister, was, "Still we love you." It was quite pitiable to see how the youth's tears flowed when he read these signs of love and sorrow in the home he had rendered so desolate. He was profoundly humbled and sincerely penitent; but his offence could not be pardoned. Public good demanded its enforcement; and his was another example of the intense folly of a love of dress.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If you were to find money in the street or elsewhere, what ought you to do with it?

2. If you were to find lost articles of any kind, what ought you to do? Would it be right to keep them and say nothing?

3. Not long since a little girl received a ten dollar gold piece at the Post Office in Sandusky, in the evening, by mistake, for a cent. After going home the mistake was seen. Was this money hers? *How much* of it belonged

to her? To whom did the rest belong? She returned the gold piece the next morning, the Post Master not having yet discovered the error. Would *you* have done so?

4. A poor man once purchased a loaf of bread of a baker for the usual price of a loaf. When, away from the shop, he began to break and eat it with his son, he found several dollars in value of gold coin in the middle of it. Was this money his? Did he *buy* it? What would be right to do with the money in such a case?

5. At the market, we sometimes find very nice berries, or other fruits, placed carefully on the top of the measure, while, in the middle, the fruit is nearly worthless. How ought this to be?

6. Children sometimes break crockery or other furniture, and place it carefully away without saying anything to any one. What ought you to do if you injure any article of furniture?

7. Boys sometimes ride half a mile on the back steps of an omnibus without being seen. What is there wrong in this?

8. Suppose you should borrow a boy's knife and should lose it, and should pay him twenty-five cents to make his loss good. Sometime afterwards, the boy finds his knife himself, in as good order as when he lent it to you.—What ought to be done in such a case?

9. Suppose the fee for admittance to a show or concert, to be ten cents, and that, by standing near the door, you can easily pass in without being noticed and without paying anything. Would this be right?

10. If a boy should offer to sell you a pencil case, he supposing it to be brass, for twenty-five cents, and you at once, knew it was gold and worth one dollar and a half or two dollars, would it be right to take it for twenty-five cents, without informing the boy of its real value?

11. If you should buy a pound of candy at the shop, and pay for it, and should, when you reached home, find there were *two pounds* instead of one, what ought you to do?

LESSON XX.

A PERSON IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS.

NARRATIVE.

The Man that was Haunted by his Shadow.—The chief of police in New York city, (Mr. Matsell,) has adopted a new and singular plan, both as a preventive and a remedy for crime. He has in his employ a number of trust-worthy men, who make themselves acquainted with every rogue in the country. Their province is to watch the arrival of all steamboats, railroad cars, and other public conveyances, and follow every known rogue and suspicious character, like his very shadow, wherever he goes. Not a moment, night or day, while in that city, can a person escape from these shadows (policemen) when once they are attached.

A recent case of actual occurrence will illustrate this

system. A well-known burglar, who had reformed, but whose reformation had not become public, arrived in New York from a neighboring city, in company with an intelligent lawyer, as his counsel, for the settlement of some old affairs. As a man is known by the company he keeps, the lawyer was immediately suspected and *shadowed!*—He went into a barber's shop to be shaved, and the shadow (policeman) set down by his side. He went to see a friend, the shadow waited outside. Next, he went to a restaurant for dinner, the shadow was at the table opposite. Now he walked about town, the shadow was ever behind him. He went to the theatre, the shadow was in the next seat. He stepped into a reading-room to read the news, and the shadow was reading at his elbow. He registered his name at the hotel—the shadow was looking over his shoulder. He went to bed—the shadow inquired the number of his room. In this way, says the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, he was dogged for three days, when he called upon the chief of police in reference to the business of his client, when lo! and behold, the shadow was there too! Of course, as soon as he made himself known as an attorney from a neighboring city, the shadow was withdrawn. And most fortunate was he in going to the office as he did, for Mr. Matsell had already issued orders for his arrest on suspicion.

Those who believe the Bible, know that a much closer inspection than this is had over every human being, every moment, and in every place, and without the least intermission. Why are we so apt to forget it and to think that we are alone?

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If a well appearing person should come to the to wn

or city in which you reside, in company with a well-known thief, would you suspect the stranger was a rogue?

2. Why was the lawyer, in the preceding narrative, suspected of being a thief?

3. Does it make any difference to you whom you choose for your companions, if you try to do right yourself? What difference?

4. If one bad boy were to associate with two good ones, would the bad boy be likely to become *good*, or the good boys bad?

5. Do persons usually choose for their companions those that are very much *like* themselves, or those that are very much *unlike* themselves?

6. If you were to see five boys very intimate together, and all alike well-dressed and well appearing, and you should know, positively, that two of them would swear, or lie, or steal, what would you infer respecting the other three?

7. If you find that any of your companions are *just beginning* to use profane or obscene language, what would you think it your duty, at once, to do?

8. But if they grow *worse* instead of *better*, after you have spoken to them of their wrong acts, what ought you to do?

9. If you were with ten boys who were strongly tempted to steal fruit, but had not, either of them, the moral courage to refuse, and say *that it was wrong*, would it be easy for you to *stand alone* and oppose all the rest?

10. Would it not be easier for *you* to exercise courage

to do right, if eight of the boys were anxious to do right too?

11. If all of your associates should unite in encouraging you in everything that *is right* and honorable, what effect would this have upon you?

NARRATIVE.

Bad Counsels.—At an early age I had to rue the bad counsel and evil influence of intermeddlers, as you shall hear. When a schoolboy, my master on one occasion, treated me with unmerited severity, and my youthful blood boiled in my veins at what appeared to me to be his injustice and cruelty; but, exasperated as I was, time would, no doubt, have soothed, if not healed my wounded spirit, had it not been for the intermeddlers around me. These so highly colored the conduct of my master, and so highly complimented me for my noble, independent spirit, that I was compelled to keep up my character with them, by adopting the worst course I could take—that of running away from school. The bitter annoyances to which this act of rebellion subjected me, are even now fresh in my memory.

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12. *How long* will the effects of early, bad associates, be likely to last?

13. Which would be better, to submit to reproof that might seem a little too severe, or lose, for life, the advantages of a good education?

14. Have you ever known persons who seemed very amiable and virtuous, to be ruined by bad associates?

NARRATIVE.

THE DOWNWARD ROAD—A TRUE NARRATIVE.—There was a young man with whom I was well acquainted, the youngest of five brothers. His father had fallen from a high standing in society, and had become a degraded creature through intemperance. He had abused his wife and children, who were then promising and amiable, until worn out with his treatment, his wife sought an asylum from his cruelties in the home of a kind-hearted brother. Her sons were all provided with respectable homes to acquire various mechanic arts, except the youngest, who remained with his mother to comfort her lonely and desolate heart, and to enjoy the opportunity of schooling. He was very much beloved in school for his kind and gentle behaviour and obliging disposition.

Years passed away. His brothers, one after another, had all fallen into the habits of their shameless and unhappy father, and the mother's heart was almost crushed by these repeated and heavy trials. Still she looked to her youngest as the prop upon which her poor heart, throbbing with painful emotions, might lean, and find peace and comfort once more.

He went into a store as a clerk. He was faithful, honest and industrious, and enjoyed the confidence of his employer, and the respect and good wishes of all his friends for many years. It was often said of him, to the gratification of those who were watching his progress, that "he was thought to be one of the best and most faithful clerks in the city where he lived."

But he fell into the company of young men who drink "moderately," as people say, and here he acquired that love of strong drink which proved at last his ruin. It was long concealed from all his friends, except those who

shared his infamy, and it came at last upon them like the thunderbolt. He was discharged by his employer, and came home, not to be a stay and support to his broken-hearted mother, but to inflict a deeper wound upon her already bleeding heart. He, who might have been a man of unbounded influence, and of great moral worth, was sunk so low that he was shunned by all who valued their reputation, and was soon known to labor *simply* for what he could *drink*.

After a few years, one of his old friends was established in the mercantile business in Oswego, now a flourishing city on Lake Ontario. One pleasant afternoon, in spring, when the business of the day was nearly over, there was an unusual noise in the street. He stepped to the door to ascertain the cause, and saw a troop of boys following, teasing and diverting themselves with a man so intoxicated, that he soon fell down, and they were abusing him at such a rate that he went out and dispersed the boys, and, to his great astonishment, found that the man was indeed no other than he whom he had known in earlier days as the reputable and promising clerk! He treated him with great kindness, but nothing had any effect to reclaim him. Those who NEVER TASTE intoxicating drinks never become drunkards. All others may.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. May we *select* our intimate companions, or must we always have just such as happen to be with us?

2. What advantages may we expect to gain by asso-

ciating with those who are better scholars than ourselves?

3. What advantages may we expect to gain by associating with those who have more *moral courage* than ourselves?—with those who are more attentive to *neatness* than we are?—with those who are more *industrious* and *persevering?*

4. If you were very anxious to learn *music*, how would you be benefitted by having for your intimate associates those who were highly accomplished in music?

5. If you could never spend an hour with those who were more accomplished in their manners, than yourself, would it be just as easy for you to always practice habits of politeness and refinement?

6. Some persons adopt, for their maxim, the following—"Choose GOOD COMPANIONS or choose none at all." Is this a *safe* and prudent maxim for all?

LESSON XXI.

LEARN TO DENY YOURSELF.

NARRATIVE.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.—In the hard frost of the year 1740, the benevolent Duke of Montague went out one morning in disguise, as was his favorite practice, in order to distribute his bounty to his suffering fellow crea-

tures. He descended into one of those subterraneous dwellings of which there are many in London, and accosting an old woman, enquired, "How she lived in these hard times, and if she wanted charity." "No," she replied, "she thanked God she was not in want; but if he had anything to bestow, there was a poor creature in the next room almost starving." The duke visited this poor object, made her a donation, and then inquired of the old woman, "If any more of her neighbors were in want?" She said, "Her left hand neighbor was very poor, and very honest." "Surely," replied the duke, "you are very generous, and disinterested; pray, if it is no offence, let me know your own circumstances." "I owe nothing," said the good woman, "and am worth thirty shillings." "Well, I suppose a little addition would be acceptable." "Yes, certainly, but I think it wrong to take what others want so much more than I do." The duke, upon this, took out five guineas, and desiring her acceptance of them, left the poor woman quite overcome by this mark of his generosity, and expressing, in the warmest language, her gratitude for his kindness.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Suppose that a boy, poor and *very hungry*, should have some nice fruit given to him, and he should refuse to eat it himself because he wanted to give it to some one that he loved, what virtue would he practice?

2. If a girl, very anxious to attend a lecture or concert, should voluntarily stay at home for the sake of allowing her sister or mother to go, what virtue would she practice?

3. Do you think it *easy* for any one to practice self-denial?

4. In the narrative, just given, what do you discover to approve in the conduct of the poor woman, who directed the duke to her still poorer neighbors?

5. This poor woman thought it *wrong* to accept aid, when others around her were more needy than herself; do you agree with her, that it would have been wrong under the circumstances?

6. If she had been so much occupied with her own concerns, that she had known nothing of the distress of her neighbors, would it have been right to have accepted aid from the duke?

7. But is it often, if ever, right for us to be so much occupied with our own interests and trials, that we may not know anything of the sufferings around us?

8. If it was wrong in this poor woman to receive a little aid from the duke, when she well knew that others around her were much more needy than herself, what would you say of the conduct of those who have an abundance of enjoyments, and yet think only of securing *more* for themselves, and *none* for others that are *very much* in need?

9. Who are usually the more ready to deny themselves, those that possess *many*, or those that possess *very few* enjoyments?

NARRATIVE.

The Golden Rule.—"*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.*"—A most

touching illustration of this Scripture precept, was related to us a few days since. A poor widow, with a family of children to support, earned a scanty living by selling, near one of our market houses, on a table, various little fancy articles. Some friends advised her to rent a small store that was vacant, close by, and open in that with a larger assortment. After hesitating long, with much fear and trembling, she at last rented the store, and by the aid of a few kind friends, got a neat little stock of goods. Every market day she set out her table as before, and with what she sold, both in this way and in her shop, she soon began to do very well, and to be tolerably easy in mind. Just at this period in her affairs, another poor widow woman, struggling for a support for her children, set out a table on the opposite corner, to get the custom of the market people. As soon as the widow who had the store as well as the table saw this, she immediately took in her table, and to a friend who asked her the reason, said, "I am doing very well with my store, and she has but a table; *I will not divide the custom, for I know how hard it is to support a family of children with only the sales of a table.*"

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10. What is there to approve in the conduct of the widow who had the store and the market table?

11. Are there opportunities for *every one* to deny themselves some enjoyments for the sake of making others happy, if they please to do so?

12. If persons are not willing to deny themselves in "little things," what would you expect of them in greater things?

13. At meals, it is not always convenient for all the

members of the family to have a seat at the first table. What is to be done when this happens?

14. It is not always convenient for all of the persons in the family to attend a lecture or concert on the same evening. What is to be done in such a case?

15. All the persons in a carriage can not always have an equally good seat. Who may choose the best?

16. It is sometimes necessary for some one to wait on a sick mother, or brother, or sister. Whose duty is it to do this?

17. All of the children of a family cannot always attend school regularly, when each may feel *very anxious* to do so. If this is left for the children themselves to arrange, how shall it be decided who shall attend?

NARRATIVE.

The School-Ticket.—Sometimes kindness is shown by giving up to others what seems to be our right, as well as by giving away what they want more than we do.—There was once a large school for young ladies in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, where many were sent upon paying a certain sum for their board; others were supported by the royal family, without any charge to their own friends. These were admitted by tickets, one of which was received by the daughter of an officer, who was about ten years old. She had a sister of nearly the same age, and they wept together at the prospect of a separation, for they knew that their parents were unable to pay for either of them, as they belonged to a very large family. But a young lady, not much older than

themselves, to whom the next ticket was sent, being aware of their anxiety, begged to give up her own privileges in their favor, saying that she knew her father was both able and willing to provide for her expenses. No objection was made to this arrangement, but the empress of Russia herself insisted upon paying for this generous child.

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18. Which would give you the greater pleasure, to attend a pleasant school for a term, or stay at home for the sake of allowing a brother or sister to attend?

19. Some persons are willing to suffer pain and sorrow, if they may, thereby, prevent others from suffering the same. Have you ever known any such persons?

NARRATIVE.

Captain, afterwards Sir David Baird, having been taken prisoner by Hyder Ally, an East-Indian chief, was with other British officers, thrown into prison. The wounds which he had received were not merely unhealed, but in a state which threatened mortification, and his general health was rapidly declining. When he and his companions had languished some time in confinement, one of Ally's officers appeared, bearing with him fetters weighing nine pounds each, which were intended for the unhappy prisoners. To resist was useless; they therefore submitted. On the officer coming to the Captain, one of his companions sprang forward, and urged the cruelty of fettering limbs still festering with wounds, from one of which a ball had recently been extracted, and stated that death was likely to follow such treatment. The

reply was, "that as many fetters had been sent as there were prisoners, and that they must all be put on;" then said the noble advocate of his wounded friend, "put a double pair on me, so that Captain Baird may be spared wearing them." This moved the officer, a delay arose, the irons were dispensed with, and the captive in the dungeon of Seringapatam was spared to become its conqueror, and, for a time, its master.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. If you were traveling with two companions over the plains to California, where you could not get food, and you had only *five biscuits* to live on for eight days, while your companions had nothing to eat, what do you think you would do?

2. If, in such a journey, you had a little medicine with you, and your companions had none, and one of them should be taken sick and need as much medicine as you had to cure him, and, knowing that you could not get any more if you were to be taken sick yourself, what do you think you would do?

3. If we know that persons around us are suffering from poverty or sickness, what will be our duty?

4. If we know that others around us are suffering, or will suffer, from ignorance and neglect, what will be our duty?

5. When you see a person always ready to deny him-

self, for the purpose of making others happy, *what other virtues*. would you feel certain that such a person possessed?

6. Is it *more*, or *less* difficult to practice self-denial after we have practiced it many times?

7. Which would you think would make the best children, and the noblest men and women, those who have *very often* practiced self-denial, or those who have never practiced it at all?

LESSON XXII.

LIVE USEFULLY.

NARRATIVE.

The poor Tyrolese Boy.—A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village. Her only child was a poor cripple. Hans was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother and would gladly have helped her bear the burdens of poverty, but that feebleness forbade it. He could not even join in the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the age of fifteen years, he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon Bonaparte was making his power felt thoroughout Europe. He had decreed that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purpose. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resis-

ted valiantly. Men, women and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defence of their homes. On one occasion 10,000 French and Bavarian troops were destroyed in a single mountain pass, by an immense avalanche of rocks and trees prepared and hurled upon them by an unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was to be communicated from village to village by *signal fires*, from one mountain height to another, and materials were laid ready to give instant alarm.

The village where Hans and his mother lived was in the direct line of the route the French army would take and the people were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected struggle. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans," she said, one evening, "It is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender chord.—The tears rolled from his cheek. "Mother, I am useless," cried Hans in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and father-land—I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I cannot work for you, cannot support you in old age. Why was I made, mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "these repining thoughts are wrong. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb:

"God has his plan
For every man."

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a remarkable manner.

Easter holidays, the festive season of Switzerland, came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

In the evening of Easter, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the wish that the Father of mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream, under the strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression; but with the hope of being rid of it, he rose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he climbed to the signal pile. Hans walked round the pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps they were busied with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans paused by the hollow tree, and as he listened, a singular sound caught his attention. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then the click of muskets; and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrads in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized

with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush—none but a single youth running down the mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal-fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be roused. It was already aroused from mountain-top to mountain-top. The plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy—the French were there." He faltered, and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he: "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What is this?" they cried; "he has been shot. It is true; Hans, the cripple, has saved us." They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true,

> "God has his plan
> For every man.

You see he had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his wound, but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and the country; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother, to hear that she should be considered a sacred and honored bequest to the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies like those which met Hans, cannot

exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all will experience its truth. None need stand useless members of God's great family. There is work for every one to do, if he will but look out for it. So long as there is ignorance to instruct, want to relieve, sorrow to soothe, let there be no drones in the hive, no idlers in the great vineyard of the world.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Some persons labor very hard to become rich. Are all successful who try to be rich?

2. Some persons devote almost a whole lifetime of labor to the study of inventions and improvements in machinery. Are such persons always successful?

3. Some persons try very hard to become distinguished scholars, or statesmen, or generals. Are such persons always successful?

4. But if any one *feels very anxious* to be useful in some way, and labors very diligently for this object, may any one be successful?

5. In the last narrative, which was the more useful to his country, the poor, cripple boy who lighted the fire on the mountain top, or a common, able-bodied soldier?

6. It was a great satisfaction to this poor Tyrolese boy to think that he had been useful, even at the sacrifice of his life. Was his desire for usefulness *too strong?* How much less may we love to be useful?

7. May any one *learn to love* to be useful? In what manner?

8. Should persons choose a useful occupation because they *love to be useful*, or will it answer just as well, to choose a very useful employment because we can make more money in such an employment?

NARRATIVE.

Noble Conduct.—The State House in Milledgeville, Geo., took fire in 1853, but was saved by the great and hazardous exertions of a colored man—a slave. Soon as the fire was over, his liberty was offered him, but he refused to accept it. Doubtless he loved liberty, but loved the pleasure of "doing good" without pay, still better. There are enough ready to do good, when they think they shall make something by it."

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9. In choosing an employment, some persons ask *first*, how many advantages they can thereby secure to themselves, and *secondly*, how useful they can, at the same time be to others; other persons ask *first* how useful they can be to those around them, and *lastly* how much they can, at the same time, do for themselves. Which course do you prefer?

10. Which would you think the more unfortunate person, the one who had lived forty years and secured an abundance of luxuries and enjoyments for himself, without thinking of the welfare of others, or the one who had lived a whole life of labor and privation, himself, that he might make others happy around him?

NARRATIVE.

A Useful Man.—John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools, was the son of a workman employed in the Royal Dock-yards at Portsmouth, Eng., and was born in that town in 1766. At the age of fifteen, he met with an accident which crippled him for life. A cobbler by trade, he spent the greater part of his benevolent career in a small workshop, measuring some six feet by eighteen, in St. Mary Street, Portsmouth, where he might be seen day after day, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children, clustering around him. In addition to mental instruction, he gave them industrial training, and taught them to cook their own victuals and mend their own shoes. He was unusually fond of all kinds of birds and domestic animals, and amused himself with rearing singing birds, jays and parrots, which he trained to live harmoniously with his cats and guinea pigs. Sometimes he might be seen, seated in the midst of his school, with a canary-bird perched on one shoulder, and a cat on the other. But he was to poor to be able long to indulge in all his benevolent fancies. When his scholars became numerous, he gave up his cats and canary-birds, and devoted the latter part of his life exclusively to the more intellectual employment of taming and subduing the "wild Arabs of the city." How applicable to him the immortal lines of Coleridge:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
All things both great and small—
He prayeth best, who loveth best
Both man, and bird, and beast:
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The candidates for admission to John Pounds' school were always very numerous. But he invariably gave

preference to the worst as well as the poorest children—to the "little blackguards," as he called them. He used to follow them to the quay, and offer them the bribe of a roasted potato, if they would come to his school. Well was he repaid for his unwearied labors by the love and affection which these children bore to him. It is said that John Pounds' Ragged School had the following origin: In early life he adopted a young nephew of his own, whom he thought he could educate better with a companion, than alone, and he accordingly enlisted in his service the son of a poor woman. Then another and another child was added, until at last he collected around him a large school of boys and girls. Poor as he was, he established his nephew comfortably in the world; and during the latter years of his life, he had no less than forty scholars. He died on the 1st of January, 1839, aged 72. There was much weeping and shedding of tears in Portsmouth. The children had lost at once their father, and best friend, and most amusing playfellow—Portsmouth had lost one of her noblest ornaments—England one of her most illustrious patriots. We rejoice to think that many who never before heard of John Pounds, will, through Mr. Guthrie's "Second Plea," become acquainted with him. How beautiful is the following tribute to his memory:

"Were we," says Mr. Guthrie, "to make a pilgrimage anywhere, as soon as to the lowly heath where the martyr reposes, we would direct out steps to the busy streets of Portsmouth, and turning aside from the proud array of England's floating bulwarks, we would seek out the humble shop where John Pounds achieved his work of mercy and earned an imperishable fame. There is no poetry in his name, and none in his profession; but there was more than poetry—the highest, noblest piety—in his life.—

Every day within his shop he might be seen cobbling shoes, and surrounded by some score or two of ragged urchins, whom he was converting into useful members of the State. Honor to the memory of the patriot cobbler, beneath whose leather apron there beat the kindest heart—there glowed a bosom fired with the noblest ambition; and who without fee from scholar or reward from man, while he toiled for his hard earned bread with the sweat of his brow educated not less than five hundred out-casts, before they laid him in the lowly grave! Honor, we say again, to the memory of this illustrious patriot! Nor is there in all the world any sight we would have traveled so far or so soon to see, as that self-same man, when he followed some ragged boy along the quays of Portsmouth, keeping his kind, keen eye upon him, and tempting the young savage to his school with the bribe of a smoking potato. Princes and peers, judges and divines, might have stood uncovered in his presence; and how marble monuments might be removed from the venerable walls of Westminister—poets, warriors and statesmen might give place—to make room for him.

John Pounds has a nobler and more lasting monument than any of marble or brass—he has

> "For epitaph, a life well spent,
> And mankind for a monument."

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11. Did John Pounds have *more*, or *less* advantages for doing good than most persons have? Did he have greater advantages for learning himself? Did he have more money?—more influence? *Why* was he more successful than most persons are in living usefully?

12. Most persons think it is very desirable to occupy

some *high station* in life. What *higher station is there*, than every one can make, for himself or herself, by living usefully?

LESSON XXIII.

BE KIND TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NARRATIVE.

An Incident in School Life—Never Twit a Boy of what he cannot Avoid.—Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent, among district schools in the country, to have spelling-schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at these times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon, they would meet in our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, abreviations, &c., &c., which the spelling books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were

considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxiety were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house and the words pronounced to each side alternately; and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down. His game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks of both sides.—In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs six. After a few rounds, the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and hours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by a pine knot, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did: that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitress came and sat down by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this junction, Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the

presence of my fair friend, and a number of boys from the other school—"Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor and your father is a drunkard."

I was no more happy—I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back; and soon as possible, quietly slipping away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But what a home! "My folks were poor—and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood. Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G. if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did.—But all my resolution was produced by his taunting words and haughty manner. In this frame of mind, my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother seeing my grief, waited until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added passionately—"I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said, "My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest, never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. De-

pend on your own exertions, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray to God to keep you, and don't grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account." This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have gone since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. It was so unjust, and so uncalled for. Now, boys, remember always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks toward any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part in this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling-school a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitted you of poverty and being a drunkard's son?" "I do, most distinctly, said I." "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close it as a bargain. Boys never twit another for what he cannot help.—*Buffalo Courier.*

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Was it already a source of deep sorrow to the boy in the narrative, that his father was intemperate? What was then the duty of every other scholar towards this boy?

2. If we know that children, or others, are suffering from cruelty or misconduct which they cannot prevent, what is always our duty towards them?

3. In what ways do persons often *add* to the sorrows of others unnecessarily?

4. In what ways might the same persons often help to *lessen* the same sorrows?

5. What do you observe to approve in the conduct of the young lady who came and conversed with the boy after the spelling exercise?

6. Which would you value the more highly, were you in circumstances of poverty or misfortune, kind words of sympathy and encouragement, or presents of money or goods?

7. Some persons desire to be respected and loved on account of their fine personal appearance, and some for their expensive or fashionable dress, and some for their rich relatives. What qualities do you think should entitle any one to respect and sympathy from every one?

NARRATIVE.

The Patched Gown.—"I wish I had a better gown, mother," said Emily Foster, as she was getting ready for

school, one cold morning in December; "the girls laugh at this so; and yesterday, Julia Haven asked me, if I bought it of the rag-man."

Mrs. Foster's eyes filled with tears while her little daughter was speaking. A few years before she had been prosperous in circumstances; but the death of her husband, and much sickness in the family afterwards, had reduced her to distressing poverty. Emily was the eldest of her three children, and she had but just entered upon her eighth year, so that,—although the poor woman toiled all day with her needle, and Emily worked diligently almost every minute out of school hours,—she was hardly able to provide the family with the scanty food which was their daily fare, or with sufficient clothing to shield them from the inclemency of the weather. She had made a great effort to send her daughter to school, because she was very anxious that she should learn all that was possible in her circumstances. She knew that she could go only a very short time, when she must leave school to toil wearily and uninterruptedly. It was therefore with a sorrowful heart she learned that Emily had been exposed to ridicule on account of her patched and scanty dress. She tried hard, however, to conquer her emotion, and after being silent a moment, said:

"But, my dear, your gown is not ragged. There is not a single hole in it."

"I know it, mother. I suppose they laugh at it because it is patched up so. I could hardly help crying yesterday, they made so much sport of it."

"But it is no harm, my child, to wear a patched gown. It is the very best I can get for you."

"I know that, and I try hard not to care what the girls say—only sometimes it makes me feel so bad."

Just then a lady entered, to engage Mrs. Foster to do

some sewing for her, and so the conversation between the mother and daughter was interrupted.

Alas! thoughtless children little know how much unhappiness they often cause those, who have sufferings *enough* from the ills of poverty!

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8. Should patched dresses, or intemperate parents, or poverty, prevent any one from being respected and loved?

9. Which would you think the more criminal, to steal small articles of property from poor and unfortunate children, or to *rob them of their rights and their happiness*, by ridiculing their dress, or by allusions to the intemperance of their parents, as in the foregoing narrative?

NARRATIVE.

A Scene.—We saw yesterday, at the Depot, a poor, pale, little girl peddling peaches among the passengers who were constantly coming and going through the place. Her sorrowful looks, her timid way, her pale thin face, with the traces of tears visible upon it, and her meek blue eye, "all and singular," had their effect upon the strangers around, and many there were that bought her fruit to cheer her heart, and with their bits of silver dropped a word of kindness and encouragement in her ear, more precious than coin to her, after the pressing necessity that drove her among that crowd, should be satisfied. But one there was who excited our indignation. With a costly overcoat upon one arm, a well-stuffed carpet-bag in the other hand, in elegant apparel, and with a massive gold watch-chain dangling a foot in length from his fob

and ending in a costly seal, he passed through on his way to the western cars. "Please buy some peaches, Sir?" said the little girl, with an arch twist of the head and a pleasant smile playing about her lips, brought there by the cheerful words that had fallen so like a gentle blessing on her heart. "Some peaches? only a penny apiece," and she held out her basket. "Get away with your trash!" was the surly response of this human mastiff, accompanied by a kick, which knocked the basket from the poor creature's hand and scattered its contents among a crowd of greedy boys, who commenced picking up the fruit and devouring it.

The clouds of sorrow all came back again in a moment, and, at this new trouble, her tears gushed forth from her eyes afresh. A citizen who stood by quietly stepped up and paid for the peaches and bade her never mind. The man (?) who did it went on with a look of conscious mightiness and seated himself in the car. We saw that his baggage was labelled—"C——, home," where he doubtless secures the fawning always attendant upon wealth, and is considered a "respectable" member of community.—*Buffalo Rough Notes.*

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10. Which would you think the more disgraceful and criminal, to *steal* a poor girl's peaches, or scatter them to the boys, as the man did in the last narrative.

VARIED APPLICATION OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

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QUESTIONS FOR SPECIAL AND GENERAL REVIEW.

1. Boys sometimes teaze, and annoy, and abuse drun-

ken persons. If a man is so very unfortunate as to be a drunkard, is it right to make sport of him or abuse him?

2. Persons who are insane, or idiotic, sometimes wander about the city or country. Is it right, in any manner, to make sport of their singular appearance, or strange conduct?

3. Families that are *very poor* sometimes travel through cities and the country, and boys make sport of their poverty and distress. What course of conduct ought every one to pursue towards such persons?

4. Sometimes very worthy persons, who have lost an eye, or lost a limb, are treated with coldness and neglect on this account, by their acquaintances, or by strangers. If you should become deformed by an accident upon the rail road, how would you like to have your acquaintances and strangers treat you?

5. Aged and infirm persons are often much neglected on account of their age or infirmity. How should this be?

6. Persons who have not had the advantages of education or of much society, often have their feelings very much injured by the ridicule, or the sneers, or the haughtiness of those who have had very superior advantages. How should this be?

LESSON XXIV.

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NOT.

NARRATIVE.

Do Right and Fear not.—In the spring of the year 1770, a large military and naval force from the old country was stationed at Boston, to overawe the people and keep down the spirit of liberty which was rising in the colonies. The proceeding was, of course, exceedingly odious to the citizens, and the British soldiers were often subjects of taunt and insult. On the evening of the 5th of March, a turbulent party of men and boys, surrounded a sergeant's guard, and pelted them with snow-balls. Irritated to the highest degree, they fired upon their assailants, and killed five of them. The indignation of the populace was deep and violent, and could scarcely be restrained by the force of the law. The soldiers were arrested and charged with wilful murder. Their chance for a fair trial in such a community was indeed desperate. They applied to John Adams, (father of the late John Quincy Adams,) and Josiah Quincy, Jr., (father of the late President of Harvard College,) two of the first lawyers of their day, and also two of the most fearless and determined opposers of British oppression. It was a rare compliment that these forlorn prisoners paid to the integrity and magnanimity of these patriotic gentlemen. They, (Messrs. Adams and Quincy,) were satis-

fied that the soldiers acted in self-defence, and that they were guilty of nothing more than what is called justifiable homicide. In other words, that the law would not hold them guilty of murder.

But there was reason to fear, that the voice of justice would not be heard in the din and clamor of political strife; and yet for them to become the defenders of such men — to protect and befriend the invaders of the country, and the minions of despotic power, was to encounter the storm of popular passion, and to expose themselves to the loss of reputation, property and public confidence.

They, nevertheless, did what duty demanded. Justice was maintained — the law was vindicated — and the rights even of an enemy were respected. For a time, however, the exalted name and virtues of the two patriots were under reproach, and it was not until the excitement of the circumstances passed away, that their noble and magnanimous course received its admiration, and their character shone forth with increased brightness.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If the whole people had threatened Mr. Adams and Mr. Quincy with personal violence, if they undertook to defend the enemies of their country, what would you have advised them to do, in case they thought that strict justice required them to defend the soldiers?

2. But if Mr. Adams and Mr. Quincy had truly believed that some *American soldiers* were really guilty of murder, and ought to be tried for their crime, while all of the people were very anxious to excuse and protect them, what would you have advised these eminent lawyers to do?

3. In which case is it the more difficult to do right, when we fear giving offence to our best friends, or when we fear persecution and violence from our enemies?

4. Which would you think worthy of the greater honor, the person that would dare to do right, when both friends and enemies opposed, or the man who has reached the highest public stations by his talents and learning?

5. Is it *more*, or *less* easy for the person to do right, who has been neglectful of some duty, or who has himself just been guilty of some wrong act?

NARRATIVE.

I CANNOT TELL A LIE.—In the war of the Revolution, while General Lafayette commanded in the American army, a part of the troops were encamped at a certain place near the water's edge. One calm summer's evening, a soldier who was a fifer in one of the companies, went into the water for the purpose of bathing. Being an excellent swimmer as well as a fifer, he took his fife with him to the water and engaged in fifing and swimming at the same time. The music reached the ear of Lafayette. Early the next morning he sent an officer in pursuit of the man, who had thus disobeyed the orders of the camp.

The soldier was a native of Connecticut, and a man of truth. When arrested by the officer, and on the way to the General's tent, he thought within himself that perhaps he might escape a severe punishment by denying the deed. On a few moments' reflection, however, he said to himself, "I have always spoken the truth—I cannot tell a lie." With this principle in his mind, he came in

the presence of the General, who asked if he was the individual who played upon the water the evening previous; to which he replied, "I am." "And do you know," continued Lafayette, "of any others who can play the same tune?" "Two or three, I do," said the soldier. "To-morrow evening then, at such an hour, I wish you to repair to my tent with them." He came at the appointed time. The General then informed them, that the tune which he had heard the evening before, affected him very much—that on a former occasion it had been played at the funeral of a dear friend of his, who died in his native country. Since then, until now he had never met with an individual who could play it, "And for the purpose of indulging in the melancholy pleasure of hearing it once more, I have," said he, "sent for you."

The General, after being agreeably entertained with the conversation and music of his guests, dismissed them with his thanks, and some guineas from his purse, as an expression of his satisfaction in their performance.

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6. In the army, soldiers are often whipped for disobedience to military discipline. Which would have been the severer punishment to the soldier, in the last narrative, the whipping, or the reproof of his conscience?

7. Which, probably, afforded the soldier the purer and higher enjoyment, the consciousness of *doing right*, or the guineas from the purse of General Lafayette?

8. When we do right, what must always be *our motive* for doing right?

8. Will doing right, *because it is right*, be, *of itself*, a reward?—greater than what other rewards?

NARRATIVE.

First Step to Distinction.—Known to all is the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy;" and yet how many neglect to make it the rule of their conduct!

The history of few men more strikingly illustrates the truth of this proverb, than that of the able and illustrious French Minister, Jean Baptiste Colbert. In Chamber's Miscellany, No. 1, is a beautiful "Story of Colbert," from which it appears, that he might have said, at the close of his brilliant career, with Corneille, "I owe all my renown to myself." His first step to distinction was while a woollen draper's apprentice, *an act of honor and honesty*. He had been overpaid, by his mistaking the price of a piece of goods, by a banker of Paris, two hundred and forty crowns. His knavish old master, on learning the fact, was delighted, and exclaimed, "You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honor to all your friends. Six hundred and thirty francs profit on the piece! Oh, happy day!" And he agreed to let Baptiste have something of the profits as a reward. But no sooner did the honest boy learn the mistake, and hear this remark of his master, than he replied, "How, godfather; would you take advantage?"—And taking up his hat, he continued, "I will go to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, beg him to excuse me, and return him the money he overpaid," and he immediately accomplished this honest resolution; and for so doing, he was turned out of employment. But this *act of honor and honesty*, proved the truth of the above proverb, and became his first step to distinction. The next day, the rich banker, learning all the facts connected with the conduct of this honest boy, took him into his own banking house. From that *first step*, his career was

upward in the road of usefulness and honor, till he was created "Comptroller-general of Finance," by Louis XIV. He closed his useful and brilliant life in 1683, at the age of sixty-four.

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10. The master of Colbert, in the last narrative, offered him a portion of the profits "*as a reward*" for bringing him so much of another man's money, through mistake. Though Colbert received not a penny of the money, did he have any "*rewards*" for doing right?

11. Among all the "rewards" which Colbert received in the course of his life for this act of honesty, which was the *greatest* reward?

LESSON XXV.

BE MERCIFUL TO ANIMALS.

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NARRATIVE.

Beware of Cruelty to Birds.—In the summer of 1830 I was returning from the then village of Rochester, N. Y., whither I had been to attend the Genesee Conference on business relating to the Oneida Conference Seminary. The coach paused a moment in front of the stage-house, at the beautiful village of Canandaigua, when a fine-looking gentleman, accompanied by a little boy and a young lady—the latter perhaps an older sister of the former—came on board. It was soon ascertained that

they were going to a neighboring town, to attend a college commencement. The boy appeared to be some eight or nine years old, and had evidently been reared with the greatest tenderness. He was as pale as a house-plant, and, had not one of his eyes been somewhat injured, would have been really beautiful. A more innocent looking little fellow, indeed, could hardly be imagined.

For some time, he was quite silent, and seemingly absorbed in the contemplation of the novel and enchanting country scenes that were constantly opening upon his vision. But finally something, perhaps the appearance of red-breasts on some of the neighboring boughs, led him to speak. "Father," said he, "do you know what Jim and I did to the old robin that built her nest in our garden?"

The father responded, "I believe not, Phillip; what did you do?"

"Why," said he, "Jim crept up to the bush, and put his hat over the nest when the old bird was on it, and thus we caught her. We then tied a string round her leg, so she could not get away; when we pulled out her feathers, then maimed her wing, and so on till we finished her."

The whole was such a tale of cruelty as I had scarcely ever before heard. Coming from one so young, and seemingly so innocent, it was doubly painful. The father evidently did not appreciate it as I did, for he barely said, with little seeming emotion, "Do you think it was right, my son, to torture the poor old bird in that way?"

"O," said he, with a very significant nod of his head, "we wanted some fun, and we had it!"

Here was the *beginning* of a life of cruelty. This boy, the son of a man occupying a high public station, chose for his occupation the *life of a pirate*, and ended

his career by suffering the penalty of death for his crimes, on the broad ocean, away from his friends and his country.

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What proofs can be shown that animals ever feel pain?

2. What evidence is there that animals dread death? —that animals love their young?—that they try to aid each other in distress?

3. May persons ever learn *to love* to be kind? In what manner?

4. May persons ever learn *to love* to be cruel? In what manner?

5. Can a virtuous man, or a *virtuous boy*, feel any pleasure in causing pain to any body, or to anything, unnecessarily?

6. Under what circumstances do you think it right to take the life of animals?

7. Under what circumstances do you think *it wrong* to take the life of animals?

8. Is there anything wrong in shooting birds or squirrels in the woods and fields, *just for sport?*

9. If it is right to shoot birds *for sport*, is it not right to strip off their *feathers* and break their *wings*, as did the boy in the narrative, *just* for sport?

10. Do persons who treat animals with cruelty, *injure*

themselves in any way, at the same time? In what manner?

NARRATIVE.

Cruelty to Birds.—A friend of mine was pleased the other morning, as he passed down a street in the town near which I live, to observe an instance of feeling for birds in a poor woman, whose voice he heard very loudly reproving an idle boy, who had just been doing what we have so often seen reproved. The boy had been using his utmost efforts to rake down the nest of a poor little martin from under the eave of a house, and had just succeeded in cruelly destroying it; when, alas! too late to save the mischief from being done, his reprover ran out of her door, and used a very excellent mode of bringing home to his mind a sense of the cruelty he had shown. She was crying out to him in this manner when my friend passed: "You little mischief, how would *you* like to have your house pulled down about your ears?" Very miserable, no doubt, that little urchin would have been if his own home had been destroyed as thoroughly as the nest of the bird was by his hand; but he never thought of that; he never remembered that the bird had feelings as well as he; he thought of his own amusement, and nothing else. The next thing would be that he would learn not to care for the feelings of another *boy;* then not for the feelings of his own *mother* and *father*, and *brothers*; and, perhaps, he might at last learn to do them all great injuries, just for want of *thinking that they feel.* Cruelty to animals leads, I am sure, very often to cruelty to *every thing.* From laughing at the cry of a bird, it is easy to go on to laughing at the cry of one's own kith and kin; just as the Roman people, in ancient times, after being

accustomed to delight in the dying roar and struggle of wild beasts in their theatres, learned to take the same savage pleasure in the death of men and women and Christian martyrs, tormented in the same place by wild beasts for their amusement. And they called this a "holiday." There is a wide difference, I own, between this and the schoolboy's holiday, when he goes out rifling nests and destroying young birds; but still there is *too much* of an unfeeling heart in the amusement which can be found in giving pain to the least and the lowest of animals. A Christian child ought to be *still further* from a heathen crowd than in merely the selection he makes of the objects of his cruelty.

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11. The Roman people, in ancient times, took delight in seeing animals fight with each other. What do you see to disapprove in such amusements?

12. Have you ever known any persons in *modern times*, who delighted to see dogs, or other animals, fight with and destroy each other?

13. When persons have learned to take delight in *seeing* cruelty, what would you expect of them respecting the *practice* of cruelty themselves?

NARRATIVE.

Cruelty to Animals Punished.—Peter Romming, the son of a wealthy farmer, was a very cruel boy. He took great delight in torturing dumb animals. I am afraid to put on paper the way he treated flies, beetles, dogs, and cats, while their cries and groans were like

music to his ears; it would make your blood run cold. The poor creatures could not defend themselves, they could not punish their oppressor, there was nobody to take their part. Did I say there was nobody to take their part? I did not mean so, for *God* was on their side. He saw the cruelties practiced upon them, and he did not intend to let them always go unpunished.

Peter went on his way till he grew up to be a man, when he hired himself out to a brewer. One day his hat falling into a vat of boiling hot beer, in trying to catch it he lost his balance and fell in; in falling, he grasped the rim of the vat with both hands, and cried for help. He was soon drawn out, but his feet were dreadfully scalded by the hot beer. He roared in agony, and cursed and swore in a most dreadful manner. After a while he grew more quiet, though his face was the picture of dispair. He asked to see a minister, and one was sent for.

"O, Sir," he exclaimed, "God is terribly punishing me for my sins, especially for my cruelty to his creatures. I have tortured many hundreds, and now in what torture am I! Were I a thief, I might make amends for the stolen goods; but I can never give life back to the animals which I have murdered, and who had nothing but life to rejoice in. How can God be merciful to me, since I have been so unmerciful? His anger is upon me. His justice has overtaken me; wretched man that I am!"

The doctor came, and said that before half an hour his legs must be taken off, or he would die. Did he not then think how many limbs he had pulled off in sport? He could not help thinking of it. Peter could not bear to think of dying, so he put his legs under the surgeon's knife, and only cried out against his sins during the painful operation.

Dark and distressing days followed. The minister

came often to see him, instructed him in the gospel, and begged him to repent and trust in Christ for mercy. It is hoped that this poor man found mercy. God is more merciful than man. He gained his health and lived many years. On every proper occasion he told his distressing story, that the young might take warning from his awful example.

LESSON XXVI.

IT IS BETTER TO SUFFER WRONG THAN TO DO WRONG.

NARRATIVE.

Not Ashamed of Ridicule.—I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad, at an academy in B——. Among my school-fellows were Hartly and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and the latter I looked up to as a sort of leader in matters of opinion as of sport. He was not, at heart, malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty and sarcastic, and he made himself feared by a besetting habit of turning things into ridicule, so that he seemed continually looking out for matters of derision.

Hartly was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning as we were on our way to school, he was seen driving a cow along the road toward a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not to be lost by Jemson. "Halloa!" he exclaimed; "what's the price of milk? I say, Jonathan,

what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style, look at those boots?"

Hartly, waving his hand at us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the enclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school, in the afternoon, he let out the cow, and drove her off, none of us knew where. And every day, for two or three weeks, he went through the same task.

The boys of —— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers and jeers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of the barn, refused to sit next to Hartly. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," after the manner of some of the country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartly bear all these silly attempts to wound and annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation. "I suppose, Hartly," said Jemson, one day, "I suppose your lady means to make a milkman of you." "Why not?" asked Hartly. "O, nothing; only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all!" The boys laughed, and Hartly, not in the least mortified, replied, "Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation, there was a public exhibition, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen

from other cities were present. Prizes were awarded by the Principal of our Academy, and both Hartly and Jemson received a creditable number; for, in respect to scholarship, these two were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the Principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize for heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued the blind girl from drowning.

The Principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short story. Not long since, some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home, and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar who had witnessed the accident from a distance, but stayed to render services.

This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow of which she was the owner. Alas! what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive the cow to pasture, was now on his back, helpless. "Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow!" With blessings and thanks, the old woman accepted his offer.

But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. "I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with; but I can do without them for a while." "O, no," said the old

woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of cow-hide boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely." The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

Well, when it was discovered by other boys of the Academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed with laughter and ridicule. His cow-hide boots, in particular, were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, and driving the widow's cow, and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow; for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of charitable motives, and, furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you. Was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, master Hartly, do not slink out of sight behind the black board! You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, master Edward James Hartly, and let us see your honest face!

As Hartly, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct!—The ladies stood upon benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartly's feet seemed prouder ornaments

than a crown would have been on his head. The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed of his ill-natured raillery, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartly, making a handsome apology for his past ill-manners. "Think no more of it, old fellow," said Hartly, with delightful cordiality; "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation." The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example; and then we set forth with huzzas into the woods. What a happy day it was!

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QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Are persons ever abused for doing what they think is right?

2. *How much* will it ever harm any one to be abused for *doing right?* *How long* will it harm any one?

3. In what manner will those who ridicule, or abuse others for doing right, be the sufferers? *How long* will such persons be the sufferers?

4. Suppose Hartly, in the preceding narrative, had endured the abuse and ridicule of his companions, and no person had ever known his benevolent motives, or spoken approvingly of his conduct; was there any danger that Hartly would have been a *great sufferer* thereby?

5. If we always have a *good conscience* for a friend, whom shall we fear?

6. It was a matter of *exultation* with Jemson to inquire

"after the health of Hartly's cow." Whose cause for exultation was finally the greater?

7. Persons sometimes seek to take advantage of others in making bargains. Who is the greater loser when bargains are made unfairly?

NARRATIVE.

A Bargain's a Bargain.—So it is; but its a bad bargain for him who bargains unfairly, let him make what he will by it. A man goes out to buy a horse. He finds one that he likes, and that the owner wants to sell; but he is determined, if possible, to get him for less than he is worth. Accordingly he sets himself to depreciate the animal, by pointing out what he calls its defects and blemishes. "I like your horse in some respects, but he is too old. The man you bought him of must have deceived you. He called him *eight* you say. He must have been nearer *twelve*. See him, how his teeth are worn down. I can't afford to give you any thing like your price, besides, his pace is slow and heavy, and he trips, I see, as if he had been foundered. He is raw-boned, too, and carries his head badly, and is too hard upon the bit, and I don't like the color. If he was a bright bay, I would give you a good deal more for him." Thus he cheapens the animal as much below his real worth as he can, and when he has got so far away that he thinks the owner will not hear of it, boasts what a good bargain he has made. "I would not sell the animal for twice the money. He is of the right age and just what I want." "But then you must have cheated the man you bought him of." "O, no, a bargain's a bargain." That will be a hard backed horse for an honest man to ride.

Another wants to buy a house and adopts a similar course to get it for less than it is worth. "I don't like the location," he says, "it is too far from church. The ground is too low. It stands too near the street. It is badly planned; the rooms are too small or too large. The hall is too wide, or not wide enough. The kitchen is inconvenient. There is no china closet. It was slightly built, and must have a great many repairs, &c., &c. What do you ask for it?" "Two thousand dollars." "Two thousand dollars! Then there is no use in saying any more about it. I can buy a better place for a great deal less money." "Well, what will you give?" "Fifteen hundred; and that is I consider more than it is worth." The seller knows it is cheap at two thousand, and so does the buyer. But he cannot afford to keep it. He must take what he can get, and the writings are drawn. Ask him what he will take for the property, and his lowest price is twenty-five hundred dollars. Now all at once the location is good; the place is convenient; it was well built, and it will cost but little to put it in first-rate repair. It *is* a very good house. He cheated the seller by crying it down, and he knew it at the time. But "a bargain's a bargain," and every one must look out for himself.

So true is the saying of the wise man, "It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer. but when he is gone his way. then he boasteth."

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8. If a person should, knowingly, sell you a horse for twenty-five dollars more than he was worth, which would be the greater sufferer, yourself or the person who should sell you the horse?

9. In what way would *you* be the sufferer? In what

way would the seller of the horse, be the sufferer? Whose sufferings would last the longer?

10. If others injure your feelings or your reputation, by saying to you, or about you, what is not true, in what way will you be the sufferer?—in what way the *slanderer* the sufferer?

LESSON XXVII.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

NARRATIVE.

Benevolence its own Reward.—Our readers know that on the evening of July 13th, 1846, a fire broke out in the town of Nantucket, which is on the beautiful Island of Nantucket outside of our harbor, by which hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property were destroyed, and hundred of families reduced at once to penury.

The sympathies of the kind people of Boston were immediately enlisted in behalf of the sufferers. A public meeting was called, and the proper measures were taken to appeal individually, and from house to house, for aid. One of the committee who is actively engaged in making collections, told me yesterday a delightful little anecdote, which I cannot withhold from my readers. He said, he went into a blacksmith's shop, where he scarcely expected to get anything, as matters looked unpromising. Several men were at work, and he made known his errand. They

all held down their heads and continued at their work, and no one replied. At length he inquired of them which was the principal, and they pointed out to him one of their number, a hard-featured, elderly looking man, and to him the gentleman made a direct appeal. "Well," said the blacksmith, putting down on end his ponderous sledge-hammer, "well, I am a poor man and can't do much, but here's a dollar." My friend thankfully took the dollar, expressed his acknowledgement for the charity, and went on. Some hours after, having finished his round, in returning he passed by the same shop, and when opposite to it, was met with a warm grasp of the hand from the good blacksmith who had run out to meet him: "Sir! I thank you for calling on me this morning, and giving me an opportunity to do something for those who are worse off than myself. Before you come in I was thinking of my troubles, and was low-spirited and unhappy all the morning; but since you gave me the opportunity of helping others a little, I have been cheerful and contented. You have taken a load off my heart, and I thank you for it a thousand times." Dear readers, is not benevolence (springing from right motives) its own exceeding reward? Go! *all of you*, and do likewise.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Perhaps the blacksmith, spoken of in the preceding narrative, earned three dollars during the day on which he gave away one to help the needy. If so, which probably gave him the greater pleasure, to get *three* dollars, or give away *one*, as he did?

2. *Why* did it make the blacksmith feel so cheerful, after giving his dollar?

3. If it made the blacksmith feel so happy and contented to help others a little, would it probably make others feel so to do the same?

4. But if we have *very little* to give, will it be well to try to give *anything?*

5. Perhaps many rich men of Boston and vicinity, gave fifty dollars each to aid the Nantucket sufferers. If so, which do you think was probably the happier, the blacksmith who gave the dollar, or the rich man who gave fifty?

6. Which was probably the happier, the person in Nantucket who might happen to receive the blacksmith's dollar, or the blacksmith who gave it?

7. Have you ever made presents to your friends? Have you ever *received* gifts from your friends or from others? In which case were *you* the happier?

8. If you could have your choice, which would you prefer, the highest public station in the State, or the means to give to every one that was needy *just as much as you pleased?*

9. *Why* are not *all* persons more ready to give to each other and to those who need, if it is a source of so much happiness to give?

NARRATIVE.

The Knife-Grinder.—The grinders of Paris, though not extinct, have considerably diminished in number. They have been driven to adopt some other occupation, in consequence of the cutlers appointing each a certain day in the week for grinding—notifying the same by a

placard in their shop-windows. Any of my readers who search the municipal archives of Paris, will find a little history concerning one of them who had driven his grind-stone through the streets and suburbs of the city for more than fifteen years; which I see no reason why I should not re-produce here. It runs to the following effect:

Antonie Benafoux was a grinder, living frugally upon the produce of his precarious industry. Upon the same lofty floor of the house in which he lodged, dwelt a poor widow of the name of Drouillant who had once seen better days. The death of her husband had deprived her of her resources, and driven her to a garret, where, with an only child—a boy too young to labor—she worked early and late at her needle for the means of subsistence. Bonafoux, whose instinct had led him to comprehend and sympathize with her misfortunes, if he passed her on the stairs, would manifest his respect by a low bow, and his sympathy by a courteous inquiry after her little boy; though he sought no further acquaintance. But the widow grew too feeble to work, and seeing her suffering from want, he called on her one morning and insisted on her borrowing a portion of his savings, alleging that he had a sum in the bank, and that he could well spare it. The brave fellow knew well enough that he was depositing his earnings in a sinking-fund; but it was not for him to stand by a poor lady and a mother pining for assistance which he could render. So she became his pensioner, with the understanding that she was to repay him when she could. Suddenly during the absence of the grinder, a stroke of apoplexy prostrated the poor widow. The whole house was in alarm; the doctor was sent for, and as soon as he had administered to her present wants, arrangements were made for carrying her to the hospital—that anti-chamber of the tomb of the unfortunate poor of

Paris. At this moment Bonafoux came in. "Stop," said he, "that lady must not go to the hospital; I know her better than you do; it would kill her to take her there. Doctor, attend her here, and do your utmost; I will defray your charges." The poor lady recovered slowly under the nursing which the grinder procured her, but she was never able to resume her needle-work. Bonafoux supplied all her wants. When the boy grew old enough, he apprenticed him to a stove-maker, and cut up his own garments to provide him with an outfit. A second attack of apoplexy deprived the poor mother of the use of her limbs.

The grinder continued his benefactions to the last hour of her life—nor relaxing his guardianship of her son until he was able to earn his own maintenance. It was for this act of truly Christian charity, extending over a long period, that the French Academy, in 1821, awarded to Antonie Bonafoux a gold medal and a prize of 400f. The historian who records the deed, declares that the grinder was worthy of the honor, and in addition to that, the esteem of all good men; a judgment in which the reader will probably concur.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

10. Which person enjoys the greater happiness, the one who gives without making any sacrifice himself, or the one who gives what he *very much needs himself?*

11. What do you discover in the character of the knife-grinder that you approve?

12. Though Bonafoux was awarded a prize by the French Academy for his benevolence, did he give for *that motive?* What *appeared* to be his motive in helping the poor widow and her son?

13. Do you think *it is safe* for people who are not very rich, to give liberally?

NARRATIVE.

The Power of Love.—The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restraining maniacs, but experience has proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the Bedlam at Bicetre, many supposed that his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, some ten years, some forty years; and with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to remove their chains and put on their straight waistcoats. At first they did not believe it, because they had been so often deceived. When they found it true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became very valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.

Dorothea L. Dix, our American Mrs. Fry, the God-appointed missionary to prisons and alms-houses, said that experience had more than confirmed her faith in the power of kindness over the insane and vicious.

Among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found *one* individual, however fierce and turbulent that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of religious sentiment over these shattered souls, seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them

like a voice from Heaven. Tearing and rending, yelling and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall upon their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

On one occasion, this missionary of mercy was very earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully, day and night, rent his garments, plucked out his hair, and was so violent, that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and without appearing to notice him, began to read, with serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of scripture filled with the spirit of tenderness. His shouts gradually subsided, until at last he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said meekly, "Read me some more, it does me good." And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away now," he eagerly replied, "No, you cannot go. God sent you to me and you must not go." By kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me your hand," said he. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, "*You* treat me right, God sent you."

On another occasion she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs into worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the Shepherd's fold, prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had had several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile she said, "Henry, are you well, to-day?" "Hush!—

hush!" replied he, sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, "hush!—there are angels with you! They have given you their voice."

14. What *other* methods of giving to others are there, besides giving money?

15. Could any person and every person do as the French physician, Pinel, did in controlling raving maniacs?

16. *Why* did the maniacs in the mad-house at Bicetre, obey Pinel when others could not control them.?

17. Which would afford you the purer pleasure, to make such unfortunate persons happy, or from your abundance, to give money to the poor?

18. What higher office is there in the world than that of making the unfortunate happy?

LESSON XXVIII.

THINK NO THOUGHTS THAT YOU WOULD BLUSH TO EXPRESS IN WORDS.

EXTRACT.

A Bad Taint.—"What you learn from bad habits and in bad society," says Mr. Gough, "you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I tell you

in all sincerity, and not as in the excitement of a speech, but as I would confess, and have confessed before God, I would give my right hand to-night if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society—if I could tear from my memory the scenes which I have witnessed, and the transactions which have taken place before me. *You cannot take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged and harbored in the heart.* You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, conquer it; but it will always be a thorn in the flesh to you, and will cause you bitterness and anguish."

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. If a person should never indulge in wrong thoughts, what would you expect to see wrong in his actions?

2. Which come *first in order*, bad thoughts, or bad deeds?

3. If wrong or improper thoughts come into your mind, can you, at once, give your attention to something else, if you try?

4. If you read an interesting story, can you give your whole attention to the narrative while reading it?

5. If you are called upon to attend to some other duty or business when busily engaged in reading, can you *stop thinking* of your reading and attend to the duty or business?

6. Can you stop thinking of your amusements and attend to your lessons, when *you try* to do so?

7. Can you, at any time think of particular persons or

places, or subjects, when you are *very anxious* to do so?

8. Can you *stop* thinking upon one subject and think of another if *you try* to do so?

9. What harm is there in thinking upon forbidden things, if you do not really *intend to do* anything wrong?

EXTRACT.

"It Costs Too Much."—*That little theft* costs too much. It is only a shilling, I know; and perhaps it would never be missed: but it will cost you as much as a fortune is worth. "I did not take the shilling," you say. I am glad of it. But I am afraid you will take it, nevertheless. You have been looking at it, with a wishful eye, for some minutes. You have been trying to settle the question whether you would be found out or not, if you put the money into your pocket. You have been using all sorts of flimsy arguments to your conscience, to drown its voice. You said it was only a shilling, and nobody would be any worse for your taking so small a sum. You talked about your salary being so small, and your master being so rich; and you thought you would refund the money, interest and all, when you got to be rich yourself. I know you did not take the money. But while you were gazing into that draw, and thinking what you should do about that shilling, you were standing on a fearful precipice. Many a youth has yielded to the tempter, as you were on the point of yielding, and thus entered on a career of crime which proved his ruin. It was a little, petty theft, that first one; but it cost him dearly. It will cost *you* dearly, my friend. It may cost you everything worth living for.

If, then, you really do not mean to steal, *stop thinking about it.* Your conscience has once faithfully and solemnly told you that *it is wrong to steal.* Therefore, put away from your thoughts, INSTANTLY, every idea of the possibility of doing what you KNOW TO BE WRONG.

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10. To what will dwelling in our minds upon forbidden acts, lead us?

11. But if, after thinking long and *favorably* upon stealing, or lying, or revenge, or vulgarity, we should still *never do* any of these wrong acts, in what way should we be injured?

12. Where do all things that make persons criminal, degraded and brutish, originate, in the thoughts, or in the conduct?

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EXTRACT.

A NEGLECTED SCRATCH.—An Indiana clergyman lately told a story about a man with whom he boarded when a college boy. The man was at his work one frosty morning, and happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A single minute's attention to it would have caused it to heal in a day or two. It was neglected. A slight inflamation appeared, which a simple poultice would have reduced, but it was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical attention, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. Twelve physicians were in attendance to consult upon the case. The question was, whether cut-

ting off the limb would save the man's life, and it was decided to be *too late!* The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it. A vicious habit an indulged little sin—a neglected duty—how easily they are taken care of, if we are in season with them, but how stubborn and ruinous they become, if they are let alone. And the time to commence with all those habits and indulgencies which degrade either children or men, is to banish everything that is wrong, at once, AND FOREVER FROM THE THOUGHTS.

13. In the foregoing extract, it was said to be impossible to cure the body that was first injured by a *little scratch.* Can a mind and heart that has become tainted by *a little impurity* be easily cured?

14. Which would you think the more to be dreaded, a *countenance* covered with scars, and blemishes, caused by accident, or a *mind and heart* that has been scarred and deformed by indulgence and neglect?

EXTRACT.

GUARD AGAINST VULGARITY.—We especially commend the following extract to the thoughtful study of the young. Nothing is so repugnant and disgusting to the feelings of the noble and the good, as to hear the young, (or even the old) use profane, or low, vulgar language. The young of our cities are particularly guilty of profanity. In our day the "boy" does not feel himself a "man" unless he can excel in the use of low language:

"We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane ex-

pressions—allude to no sentences that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your heart. When you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression which you would not use for any money. It was one learned when you was quite young. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick, and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after restoration to health, they had do idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood, and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, they had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves."

15. Is there any danger that persons who never think improper thoughts, will ever use improper words, either in sickness or health?

EXTRACT.

The Pure in Heart.—A gentleman, in one of his visits among the poor, met with one of his scholars, a little girl not six years old, who had just begun to read the New Testament. This child, being fond of singing, was anxious to possess one of the school hymn-books, which the gentleman kindly promised to give her, on condition that she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of

St. Mathew's Gospel within the space of a fortnight. The little girl immediately undertook this task, and having brought her two chapers to the gentleman, began to read; but when she finished the first twelve verses, he caused her to stop in order to inquire of her which of the qualities described in the beatitudes she would desire most to possess. She paused a little while, and then replied, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart."

The gentleman asked her wherefore she should choose this blessed quality above all the rest. In reply to which she answered to this purpose: "Sir, if I had a pure heart, I should then possess all the other qualities spoken of in this chapter.

LESSON XXIX.

LIVE INNOCENTLY, IF YOU WOULD LIVE HAPPILY.

NARRATIVE.

The Hard Snow Ball.—When I was about ten years old, and my brother eight, we were returning from school, the snow was melting under a warm March sun, and I felt an irrepressible desire to enter the list with some one for snow-balling. We were away from our schoolmates; and making a very hard ball, I threw it with all my might at my brother. It struck him with great violence in the side, and to this moment I seem to see him writhing from the pain it gave him, and hear the bitter cry occasioned

by my cruel deed. In my sport I had sadly hurt that dear brother, whom I ought to have loved and protected. A passing traveler frowned upon me for my cruelty, and I knew that the piercing eye of God was upon me. That dear brother made no complaint of me to our parents: and neither to them nor to my Heavenly Father would my proud heart allow me to make confession. Why did I not do it? I knew I had done wrong; why not confess my fault to God, and receive the peace and joy of forgiven sin?

When another winter came, my little brother could not join me in our accustomed sports, he had such a weakness in his back. As the flowers of May appeared, he grew more pallid; he languished through the summer and autumn; and in the darkness of a December night we were summoned to see him die. A father's ear caught the last faint whisper from his lips, "Tell my brothers that they must pray."

Now I wear the silver hair of age; but as often as I visit the mound of my little brother's grave, this heart yearns with tenderest grief, my tears unbidden flow, in sad remembrance of that one unkind, unfeeling act that caused his cry of distress. and that may have been the means of his early death.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. Why did the man, in the last narrative, feel sorrowful through his life-time when he thought of his younger brother?

2. If he had been entirely free from blame in throwing the snow-ball at his brother, might his whole life been a happier one?

3. Persons sometimes live a life of labor and toil, and surrounded with few luxuries. Is it possible for such persons to live happily?

4. Persons sometimes suffer from poverty and pain and other afflictions, and sometimes from a consciousness of guilt. Which is the harder to endure?

NARRATIVE.

THE HORRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE WHO CAN BEAR?—When I was a child I was invited to spend an evening with a companion of mine who lived about a quarter of a mile from my father's house. It was autumn. The leaves had fallen from the trees. The birds had departed. The cold winds had begun to blow, and the ground was whitened with frost.

My mother gave her consent, but little did she think of the temptation to which her child would be exposed. I went, and found I was to pass the evening with other children of the village. There were gathered the wealthy and the poor, but I was poorest of them all. I was clothed in my best attire, but it was thin and scanty for the season. I looked upon my companions, they were well and comfortably dressed. I told my sorrows to no one, but grieved at my lot, until envy, cruel envy, arose in my bosom and destroyed all my peace. It was soon proposed by one of the company that we should play blindman's buff, and by another that we should take off our shoes to prevent the noise it would occasion. All but myself commenced doing this, and run to put them together in one corner of the room. I had none to take off. I had none to wear. Indeed, I expected to go to school many days with cold feet, and when the snow

came, to stay at home, which to me would be a greater grief than the former. The play was soon ended, and as the evening was very fine, it was proposed to walk in the garden. Every one ran for their shoes. I had thought too long and too deeply about them. I ran with the group and selected a pair belonging to a boy of about my own age and size, and was among the first that entered the garden, leaving the boy making many inquiries for his shoes.

When we returned, I did not take them into the house with me, but placed them where I could conveniently take them when we went home, for I had determined upon keeping them. It was my first attempt to take that which did not belong to me. The sports of the evening were soon ended, and we prepared to return to our homes. I made great haste, and bidding the company good night, was the first to leave the house. Glad should I have been if the darkness of the night had surrounded me, but to me it appeared that the moon never shown with more brilliancy, or the stars shed more lustre. Notwithstanding this, I seized the shoes and hurried home. Conscience however had not ceased to upbraid me since the first moments of my wrong, and as I walked home it was my only companion.

At length I arrived at the door, but was afraid to go in. I dreaded to meet my parents, for I felt that they knew all that I had done, and they had taught me the command, "Thou shalt not steal." I hid the shoes, and summoned courage to go in. How awful it is to fear to meet our dearest friends. Their kindness seemed reproof, and their smiles at that time worse than frowns.

It being late, I soon retired with my brothers and sisters to our chamber, but I retired not to sleep. Very soon all around me was silent; nothing was heard but the

breath of innocency sleeping by my side. But oh, the wretched condition of my mind. I felt I had justly deserved the displeasure of my parents, for I had disobeyed their commands, and if I had disobeyed theirs, how much more had I disobeyed God's. Ever before I had considered him as a lovely being, but now I felt I had provoked his anger. He had fixed the bounds of my habitation, but I wished to be the disposer of my own fortune. I knew he had witnessed the whole transaction, and that his All-seeing eye was every moment upon me. Had it been possible, how gladly would I have hid myself from him. I reflected upon my crime until it appeared so great, that every moment I expected the anger of the Lord would burst upon me. My head was pained, my limbs trembled.

At length I resolved to arise and go, even at midnight, and return the shoes to the house from which I had taken them. I was about leaving my room, when I looked upon the countenances of those who were free from the enormous crime of which I was guilty, and consequently were sleeping sweetly, and knew nothing of my sorrows. Gladly would I have awakened one to accompany me; but no, I must go alone. I passed easily down the stairs, and again found myself encompassed with difficulty. I could not go out without passing through my mother's room, and if I awoke her, she would be solicitous to know the reason of my leaving my chamber. But I was determined I would go, and if she awoke I would tell her all. I succeeded in passing out without her waking, and taking the shoes, hurried half way to the house where I had passed the evening, and left them a short distance from each other in the road, and again returned to my chamber, and laid my head upon my pillow; but my mind was not relieved, and compelled by conscience, I

again arose, returned to the spot where I had left them, and with a trembling heart went quite to the house, and placed them under the window near the door, and again returned to my bed—being quite exhausted, I soon fell asleep.

The next week I went, in company with some of my companions, on a nutting excursion. The boy whom I had wronged was one of the number. I need hardly say that I was happy when I saw the shoes I had coveted, upon his feet, although I was still destitute.

This incident has had a beneficial effect upon my life. Its influence is yet felt, although many years have passed since it occurred. Let it be a warning to all who may read it, to resist even the first approaches to evil, and they will avoid the misery of an upbraiding conscience, and the pain of self-reproach in after years.

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5. Why did the affectionate smiles of the boy's parents, in the last narrative, cause the boy so much pain?

6. Why did he prefer to take so much pains in the lonely hours of the night, to return the shoes to the place where he found them?

7. Which did he probably find preferable, to be *very poor* and go barefoot in the cold and frost, or carry with him, constantly, a sense of guilt?

8. Which would *you* prefer, to have plenty of property and enjoyments, *not quite honestly* obtained, or be *very poor* with the consciousness that you had never, in any manner, wronged any one?

9. In what other ways may we be *very guilty* of wrong-

ing others besides obtaining their property by stealing, or, in any manner, unfairly?

10. In what ways may we be *very guilty* simply by *neglecting to do* any thing?

LESSON XXX.

WE MUST LEARN TO LOVE OTHERS AS WE LOVE OURSELVES.

NARRATIVE.

Moral Heroism of Quakers.—In referring to the immeasurable superiority of victories of peace over victories in war, Mr. Cobden makes the following striking allusion to the moral heroism of the English Quakers amid the Irish famine:

"The famine fell upon nearly one half of a great nation. The whole world hastened to contribute money and food. But a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest glens and bogs of the West coast of the stricken island, to administer relief with their own hands. They found themselves, not merely in the valley of the shadow of death—that would be but an imperfect image—they were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never, since the 11th century, did Pestilence, the gaunt handmaid of Famine, glean so rich a harvest. In the midst of a scene, which no field of battle ever equalled in danger, in the number

of its slain, or the physical sufferings of the living, the brave men walked as calm and unmoved as though they had been in their homes. The population sunk so fast that the living could not bury the dead; half interred bodies protruded from the gaping graves; often the wife died in the midst of her starving children, while the husband lay a festering corpse by her side. Into the midst of these horrors did our heroes penetrate, dragging the dead from the living with their own hands, raising the heads of the famishing children, and pouring nourishment into parched lips, from which shot fever-flames more deadly than a volley of musketry. Here was courage! No music strung the nerves; no smoke obscured the imminent danger; no thunder of artillery deadened the senses. It was cool self-possession and resolute will, calculated risk and heroic resignation. And who were these brave men? To what "gallant" *corps* did they belong? Were they of the horse, foot, or artillery force? No! They were Quakers from Clapham and Kingston! If you would know what heroic actions they performed, you must inquire from those who witnessed them. You will not find them recorded in the volume of Reports published by themselves—for Quakers write no bulletin of their victories.

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1. What do you perceive in the conduct of the Quakers, in the last narrative, that is unusual?

2. Which would you think the position of greater danger, that of the soldier on the battle field, or that of the Quakers in the midst of the pestilence?

3. What *motive* induces the soldier to meet danger? What motives induced these men of England to leave

their homes and go to Ireland to help the sick and the dying?

4. Can we *learn to love* those who are strangers to us? Can we learn to love our near relatives as we love ourselves?

5. When we know that strangers, to us, are in need, or in distress, can *we learn* to feel for them, as we would feel for ourselves?

6. Would the Quakers of Clapham and Kingston have probably labored any more faithfully and devotedly with their nearest relatives than they did with these strangers in Ireland?

7. If it was possible for these good men to feel such an interest in strangers, is it possible for others to do the same?

8. Have you ever known instances where persons have loved others so well that they have, voluntarily and intentionally sacrificed their own lives, for the good of others, or to save the lives of others?

NARRATIVE.

Filial Affection.—One incident of the disaster of the steamer Henry Clay, on the Hudson River, in 1552, discloses a rare and affecting magnanimity of soul. A mother and her daughter were clinging to each other when the ill-fated vessel struck the shore, and contemplated with dismay their slender prospect of reaching land from the stern of the boat, which lay far out in the water. As the progress of the flames was driving them to the fatal

leap from the wreck, a friend came up and leaning over the daughter—as though to impart to the more youthful of the two, the small chance of life which remained—announced that he would do everything in hsi power to aid them, but that it was scarcely possible for him to save more than one of them. So startling and sad an announcement might well have thrown an ordinary mind into a perturbation that would destroy the possibility of any calm and rational action. A selfish soul would have grasped, with eager forgetfulness of all but the prospect of rescue, at the possibility, thus afforded, of escape. But the noble soul of which we write was neither overcame by the terror nor shaken by the temptation of the terrible hour. Her determination was instantly formed. She turned to her mother, and communicated the fact that only one of them could be saved. Then giving her mother one kiss of affection, and breathiug one farewell word, and ere her intention could be divined, or her action anticipated, she plunged into the river; and thus she perished, decisively resigning her chance of escape to the mother whom she loved better than life.

They recovered her remains from the water, and buried them with becoming rites, and doubtless with most humane sympathy; but few knew, save the broken-hearted mother, what a strength of filial love had throbbed in that poor cold bosom while it lived, nor in what a generous devotion that faithful soul had perished at last. And did that soul really perish? That mind, so calm, so prompt, so thoughtful, so superior to the direst emergency of human life, did it utterly die? Was it bidden, having reached such an ardor of self-forgetting affection, to be gone out of this universe utterly and forever? Does nothing remain, when the blood ceases to course through the veins, of all the boundless wealth of thought

and feeling which had till that moment quickened its current? While even the body retains its form and aspect—nay, may preserve for ages some semblance of what it was — does the soul for which it existed, and whose bidding it so long obeyed, instantly perish?

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9. Did the daughter in the foregoing narrative, love her mother *as well* as herself?—*better* than herself?

10. When you know that persons are willing to sacrifice their lives for the good of others, what other virtues would you feel certain that such persons possessed?

11. Which would you think the greater sacrifice, to die suddenly by drowning, as did the daughter in the last narrative, or to live a few months, or a few years, of suffering and disease, *entirely for the welfare of others*, with the certainty of death at the end?

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NARRATIVE.

Self-Devotedness.—We know not when we have heard of a more striking instance of self-sacrifice for the spiritual good of others, than one told by an English minister. It is this:

"The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa.—Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a lazar house for lepers. It is an immense space enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which the leper cultivates. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded.

Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again.

"Within this abode of misery, there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two, particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet, these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other, who wanted the feet, upon his back; and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot,—and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world. Such is a prison house of disease.

"But you will ask, who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter at that dreadful gate never to return again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Savior to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen the lazar house as their field of labor. They entered it, never to come out again; and I am told, that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place."

LESSON XXXI.

THE GOOD ALONE ARE GREAT.

NARRATIVE.

Elizabeth Fry.—Prominent among the distinguished women of England, is Elizabeth Fry; the friend of the prisoner, the bondman, the lunatic, the beggar; who has been aptly named "the female Howard." Mrs. Fry hardly deserved more credit for the benevolent impulses of her heart, than for the dignity and urbanity of her manners. They were natural, for they were born with her. The daughter of John and the sister of Joseph and Samuel Gurney, could hardly be else than the embodiment of that charity which never faileth, that philanthropy which embraces every form of human misery, and that amenity which proffers the cup of kindness with an angel's grace. In youth, her personal attractions, and the vivacity of her conversation, made her the idol of the social circle, and severe was her struggling in deciding whether to become the reigning belle of the neighborhood, or devote her life to assuage the sorrows of a world of suffering and crime. Happily she resolved that humanity had higher claims upon her than fashion. Her resolution once formed, she immediately entered upon the holy mission to which, for nearly half a century, she consecrated that abounding benevolence and winning grace, which, in her girlhood, were the pride of her parents and the delight of her companions.

Though her eye was ever open to discover, and her hands to relieve, all forms of sorrow, it was to the inmates

of the mad-house and the penitentiary, that she mainly devoted her exertions. Wonderful was her power over the insane! The keenest magnetic eye of the most experienced keeper paled and grew feeble in its sway over the raving maniac, compared with the tones of her magic voice. Equally fascinating was her influence over prisoners and felons. Many a time, in spite of the sneers of vulgar turnkeys, and the responsible assurances of respectable keepers, that her purse and even her life would be at stake, if she entered the wards and cells of the prison, she boldly went in amongst the swearing, quareling wretches, and with the doors bolted behind her, encountered them with dignified demeanor and kindly words. that soon produced a state of order and repose which whips and chains had vainly endeavored to enforce. Possessing peculiar powers of eloquence, (why may not a woman be an "orator?") she used to assemble the prisoners, address them in a style of charming tenderness all her own, win their assent to regulations for their conduct which she proposed, shake hands with them, give and receive blessings, return to the keeper's room, and be received by him with almost as much astonishment and awe as Darius exhibited towards Daniel, when he emerged from the den of lions.

In this way, Mrs. Fry made frequent examinations of the prisons in England. She pursued her holy work on the Continent, visiting prisons in France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Belgium and Prussia. In the early part of her career, she encountered both at home and abroad. some rudeness and many rebuffs. But her never-spent dignity, tact, and kindness, at length won the confidence and plaudits of the great majority of her own countrymen, and of many philanthropists and titled personages in other lands.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLUSTRATION.

1. What qualities or virtues, do you peeceive in the character of Mrs. Fry, that are most worthy of respect and admiration?

2. Did Mrs. Fry exhibit physical courage?—moral courage?—self-denial?

3. Which would exhibit the greater courage, the soldier in going forth to the battle-field, armed for deadly conflict, or Mrs. Fry, going among raving maniacs, unprotected, and armed with no weapons of force?

4. How does the soldier, on the battle-field, expect to conquer, by weapons of force, or moral weapons?

5. How did Mrs. Fry expect to conquer, by moral weapons, or by force?

6. Could the common soldier, probably lay aside all his weapons of force, and go in among maniacs, as did Mrs. Fry, and compose them and control them, as she did? Can *most persons* do as she did? Why not?

7. Which do you think the *higher* and *nobler* method of achieving victories, by moral means, or by force?

8. Persons who can devise and execute, successfully, great plans in business, or great plans in war, or great plans of government, are usually considered great. May all such plans show greatness of *mind*, and still not exhibit *moral* greatness?

9. What difference do you perceive between greatness of mind and moral greatness?

10. Do you see anything in the courage, in the motives, in the self-denial, and in the objects of the men of Clapham and Kingston who went to Ireland to relieve the starving, the sick and dying, that differs from the courage, the self-denial and objects of the common soldier?

11. Which do you think the higher *order* of greatness, *greatness of mind*, or *moral greatness?*

12. Can any action, or plan, or achievement, be *truly great*, or belong to the *highest order* of greatness, that *is not right?*—that is not both *good* and right?

13. Can any person be *truly great*, who has not learned to conquer himself?—who does not, or will not practice self-denial?—who does not possess moral courage?—who does not cultivate purity of heart?—who does not love others, and seek their welfare?

14. Who, then, can be *truly great* who is not good?

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